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TIED WITH GREEN STRING

BY HORACE HOLLY

One of the Most Ingenious Detective-Mystery Stories the Ledger Has Ever Published.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Will It Come to This?

Asks Ye Editor

NEW YORK CITY.—Any theater that advertises a movie as being in so many "reels" will be shut up for three months by the Morals Censorship Committee. The committee declares that to say a picture is in "reels" would have a disastrous effect on the youth of this city, as it would immediately recall to mind the reeling done by the bibulously inclined during the recent wet period.

BOSTON.—All scenes showing persons breaking thru windows must be eliminated from movies shown here, according to the ruling of Miss Elvina Oldly, head of the censorship committee. Miss Oldly once got hysterics when she saw a tramp leap thru a window when chased by a cook and she says she will not let window-breaking work its bad effect on her fellow Bostonians.

KANSAS CITY.—Homer J. Bumbean, chairman of the Public Morals Committee, has declared that all movies having happy endings wherein the hero and heroine plan to be married, cannot be shown here. Mr. Bumbean's sweetheart recently ran off with another man and he declares that happy-ending movies tend to give the youth of the country a false idea of life and are therefore morally rotten.

PHILADELPHIA.—No pictures starring Ima Slick, the famous movie vampire, can hereafter be shown in this city. Mrs. Amanda Gossip, head of the City Movie Censorship Committee, heard from a friend of hers who lives in New York that this friend heard from a relative who was told by a woman who knows that Miss Slick isn't what she ought to be. Mrs. Gossip declares that she will not let Miss Slick contaminate the youth of Philadelphia, consequently the ban has been placed on this star's pictures.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Declaring that he overheard a youth in a local picture show give it as his opinion that a supposed glass of lemonade in a movie shown here really contained booze and not the alleged non-intoxicant, Judge Ivory, head of the censorship board, has issued an edict to the effect that all scenes in movies showing glass or tumblers must be cut out unless these glasses or tumblers are plainly and legibly labeled, "This glass contains lemonade," or "This glass contains buttermilk," or "This glass contains non-intoxicating near beer." Judge Ivory declares that as the result of his action the morals of this community will be vastly improved.

Opening the Show

POSITION on the bill means everything in the life of a vaudeville artist. Of course, a silent act—acrobatic, juggling, pantomime of any kind—must, according to the inexorable rules of variety, be satisfied to open the show. Tardy patrons of the theater are noisy, which makes it necessary to use as the opener an act that will not be ruined by the prevailing disturbance. Silent acts never complain of their position on the bill. Nature has made them openers and they may never outgrow it. They bow to their destiny. But if by any chance an act that has "talk" in it is asked to assume the opening position then insult is added to injury.

For instance, the acrobatic act of "The Flying Arvellos" reached the theater and found that its rigging had not arrived with the other trunks and props. The Arvellos confided to the manager, who, looking up his program, decided that he would place them fifth on the bill, thus giving an hour's leeway in which the apparatus might arrive and in that case the Arvellos would be able to do their regular offering. This explains how it happened that the manager took his life in his hands and sought out the new talking act of Willis & Winn in their dressing-rooms, determined to ask, beg and insist if necessary that they open the show. He put the suggestion delicately to Miss Winn.

"Do I get you right, Mr. Pringle?" queried Miss Winn. "Did you ask that this act open the show, and on the opening day at that? I have heard managers joke, Mr. Pringle, but you handed me a laugh right off. Before I would open a show with our new act, which has seven minutes' talk in it alone, I would marry the man I hate and quit the business."

"I knew I was taking in a lot of territory when I made up my mind to ask you, Miss Winn," said the manager, suavely. "But you know how it is. The Arvellos missed their aerial stuff and can't open. If you and your partner will go on in their place it will give their baggage a chance to get here and I'll place them on the bill later."

"I don't know whether to laugh or cry," exclaimed Miss Winn, dramatically. "If the people in New York knew we was asked to open, even if it was a cyclone, train wreck, plague or dynamite explosion for an excuse, they would say we did a flop and that was the real reason. Good acts aren't asked to open a show under no conditions. And to think that the only reason we have to is because the Arvellos missed their trunks! Oh, if my poor mamma ever got wind of this!"

The manager was deeply touched and showed it. He'd shattered all precedents of vaudeville by asking a talking act to substitute for an acrobatic turn—and to open a bill at that. Something must be done quickly. The manager took Miss Winn gently by the arm.

"I'd never in the world ask you and your partner to open the show, Miss Winn," he said, "but for one thing. I know you're a big-time offering and you are good enough for Broadway yourself, and you should have your name in lights all the time. But it's like this: Mr. Arvello has a wife and child in Altoona and they need dough very badly, he says, and if he don't work on account of losing his aerial stuff he won't get no salary and the wife and child will suffer. When he told me that I said to myself, 'Wilks and Winn is a team who have a heart and, altho they are big-time people in every way, they will not see anybody suffering—especially a wife and child—and they will do what not one performer in a million would do in such a case—open the show.'"

"Mr Pringle," sighed Miss Winn, drying a transient tear with her powder puff, "we'll open the show. If it's for a suffering wife and child I know mamma will be satisfied."

"Courting" Parlors in Homes.

BRITISH working class houses are going to be equipped with "courting" parlors in the future, according to officials of the National Housing and Town Planning committee. The parlors will be dedicated to the younger members of the households, where the daughter can be courted by her swains under the watchful eye of the mother.

Women throughout England are fighting the battle of the parlor, decrying the present lack of "best rooms" in the average British workingman's home.

They are constantly advocating the possession by a working class family of a best room besides the living room because of its special value during the "courting" period when children are passing into manhood and womanhood. The greatest argument used is that it keeps lovers off the streets.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Connubial Confidence.

"George, I don't believe you did put the cat out."

"Well, if you think I'd tell a lie about a little thing like that, go and put her out yourself."

Too Personal.

The sweet young thing had been unable to buy the article she wanted, but in each case the clerk had assured her that "next time" it would assuredly be in stock. One day she called at the store to find a new clerk on the job. "Do you have spats yet?" she inquired. The clerk blushed. "No, ma'am," he stammered; "I'm not living with my wife now."

A Wise Head-hunter.

Mrs. Bacon—Who was that man who just called?

Mr. Bacon—Oh, he wanted to sell me a preparation to make my hair grow.

"But doesn't he know enough to take his hat off when he's talking to a gentleman?"

"He knew enough not to, my dear. The fellow's as bald as a billiard ball!"

Pessimism in Ireland.

O'Houlihan—Phwats a pessimist, Mike?

Muldoon—He's a feller phwat burns his bridges behind him an' thin crosses thim before he comes to thim.

Brain Teasers.

Charade.

89—My first of anything is half,
My second is complete,
And so remain until once more
My first and second meet.

Diagonal.

90—1. To seize. 2. Hoisting machine. 3. Free from dirt. 4. A boy's name. 5. Burdened. When these words have been determined and written in a column, in order, the diagonal from the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner will spell a favorite summer color.

Hidden Quotation From Julius Cæsar.

91—ttttttt hh eeeeeee, f aaaaa uuuuuuu lll v g bb w dd rrrrrrr sssssss iiii ooo nnnnn.

Acrostic.

92—1. Places where people live.
2. A tawny yellow green color.
3. Not wrong.
4. A very small body of land.
5. Another name for the great Russian mole rat.
6. A musical instrument.
7. A spice.

Primals spell a part of the sky and finals an occurrence which takes place there. All words are of an equal number of letters except the last.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

85—Charade.

Napoleon (Nap-ole-on.)

86—Mathematical.

Forty apples.

87—Queer Sentence.

"Raw & snug was I ere I saw guns & war." (Same read backward.)

Five-word Square.

E V E R Y
A L L E Y
A D D E R
E N D E D
C A T E R

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Kept Something On.

"Was that your model going out as I came in?" asked the visitor to the studio of a painter-friend.

"Yes; and a very good model she is," was the artist's reply.

"Does she ever pose in the nude?"

"No; she never takes off her diamond rings."

Getting Suspicious.

"Well, my dear?"

"The cook has issued an ultimatum."

"What about?"

"She says every time she has an afternoon off our car is in the repair shop and it's beginning to look to her like a put-up job."

OMAR UP TO DATE.

A flock of buzz-saws underneath the bough,
A slide trombone, two saxophones, and thou,
Beside me, playing on a kettle-drum,
Ah, this fair world is wilderness enow.

Meeting Any Demand.

"The baker's boy was very fresh. If a cake was 10 cents he'd say $10. The baker had to stop him."

"Why?"

"Some people started to pay it."

Why He Speeded.

Judge—You are charged with running over this man, and also speeding.

Chauffeur—Yes, your honor, I was hurrying to get over him!

Old Glory is now on the Seven Seas

AMERICAN SHIPS ARE AVAILABLE FOR YOUR OCEAN VOYAGE

New combination Passenger and Freight Ships. Fast, Luxurious Steamers.

Key number beside ship's name indicates operator shown bottom of column.

EUROPE

Queenstown, Boulogne and London

From New York.

June 7—July 12—August 16—September 20—Old North State (159).

May 24—June 28—August 2—September 16—Panhandle State (159).

Bremen and Danzig

From New York

May 28—July 13—August 20—Hudson (159).

June 8—July 23—September 7—Susquehanna (159).

June 15—July 28—September 14—October 20—Potomac (159).

Naples and Genoa

From New York

May 21—June 30—August 13—September 24—Pocahontas (159).

June 8—July 20, August 31, October 12—Princess Matoika (159).

Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen

From New York

June 22—July 23—August 24—September 28—America (159).

July 30—August 27—September 24—George Washington (159).

SOUTH AMERICA.

Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

From New York

May 25—Huron (91).

June 8—Aeolus (91).

FAR EAST.

Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Manila, Hongkong

From San Francisco.

May 28—Golden State (105).

July 23—Empire State (105).

Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila

From Seattle

June 18—August 27—Wenatchee (106).

July 9—Silver State (106).

July 30—Keystone State (106).

HAWAII, PHILIPPINES, EAST INDIA.

Honolulu, Manila, Saigon, Singapore, Colombo, Calcutta

From San Francisco

June 11—Wolverine State (105).

July 14—Granite State (105).

COASTWISE AND HAWAII

Havana, Canal, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Hawaiian Islands.

From Baltimore

June 11—Buckeye State (80).

80 Matson Navigation Co.
120 Market Street,
San Francisco, Cal.
26 South Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.

91 Munson Steamship Line.
67 Wall Street, N. Y.
Tel. Hanover 5120.

105 Pacific Mail S. S. Co.
10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
Tel. Bowling Green, 4630.
621 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

106 The Admiral Line.
17 State Street, N. Y.
L. C. Smith Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

159 U. S. Mail S. S. Co., Inc.
45 Broadway, N. Y.
Tel. Rector 6300.

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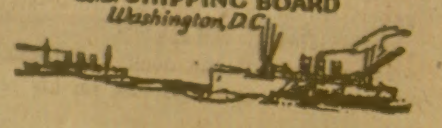

Tied With Green String

BY HORACE HOLLY

At the End of the Tiny Hall Stood a Slim-Looking Girl of About 22, With Great Dark Eyes That Held in Them the Promise of Wonderful Wifehood.

J. HAMILTON EAVES, seated in the leather-lined swivel-chair of his private office in the National Industrial Securities Company, gazed down curiously at the small and inconspicuous parcel the mail carrier had just delivered with the rest of the afternoon's letters. The crafty, yet good-natured little eyes, set in the plump pink face that surmounted an ample impressive frame, took in puzzledly the main details of the packet; a glazed cardboard box of the kind that a deck of playing cards comes in, tied tightly with bright green string and sealed on all four edges with bright red sealing wax. He looked up as the bluecoated mail carrier paused, speaking, sorting out the handful of letters for the next office.

"You brokers must play cards a lot, Mr. Eaves," he said smilingly. "Is there a shortage on the pasteboards that you have to order 'em by mail? Delivered a package like that to Mr. Lee upstairs, just a few weeks ago." And shifting his heavy leather sack onto his shoulder he was gone to his duties of sorting and delivering mail.

With his silver and ebony paper knife J. Hamilton Eaves first slit open a letter whose thinness and whose superscription proclaimed to his experienced senses that it contained a check for some purchased stock, and he smiled with broad contented satisfaction as there tumbled out the bright yellow, crisp slip of paper, which meant money into the pockets of J. Hamilton Eaves. Then, calling in from the outer office his old rheumatic bookkeeper and delivering over the check to him, he closed the door to his private room and proceeded to turn his attention to the package of playing cards.

At first glance he had merely concluded that the glazed cardboard case contained some minor and useless invention, which was being submitted by mail for capitalization and promotion, for, be it known, that was J. Hamilton Eaves' business—that, and several other shady ramifications of the promotion and brokerage business. The packet bore on the side a label that had been crudely cut from paper and pasted on, and the label in turn bore, stamped with probably a child's set of rubber type, J. Hamilton Eaves' name and business address. But as he cut the bright green string and broke the red seals, he was further interested to discover that it really did contain a deck of playing cards, bound around the tops and bottoms by a pasted band of paper, which bore letters, rubber-stamped by hand like the label, in red ink.

He pulled out the deck and breaking the paper band, laid it out lengthwise on his mahogany desk. The crudely printed letters, all in capitals read:

One week is yours to close up your thieving business completely.

How many kings are missing from the deck?

How many crooked kings are missing from the La Salle Street deck?

Get Riswold's Magazine.

Why were you not included in the thirteen kings?

Count both decks.

One week is one week.

And only one week.

One week is 168 hours.

See line 1.

If not, then he who reads this shall follow the three kings.

STAR OF THE NIGHT.

J. Hamilton Eaves, his usually unruffled pink brow creased with a rapidly growing frown of half amazement, half fear, stared down at the threatening message. Nervously he straightened out his silk poplin necktie, and coughed an uneasy little cough as he glanced back over his shoulder at the big beautiful potted palm in the corner, almost as tho he expected to see the writer of the message lurking there. From there his eyes roved apprehensively to the polished mahogany table near the window, and thence across the room to where his newest money maker—in reality, his newest sucker-bait! — the Shanks Dictatograph, stood on its rolling table, replete with its bright brass, nickel, rubber and silver finishings.

"What—what the h—l!" he managed to stammer, half aloud. "Is it a joke? If it is—it's a darned poor one."

He gave only a passing glance to the loose playing cards. They were a very common type, on sale in almost every department store. Instead, he found himself intently thinking of the mail carrier's last statement; namely, that he had delivered just such a deck to Lee—poor Johnstone Lee—on the floor above a few weeks ago. And Lee—Johnstone Lee—was one of those luckless individuals who, prior to his death a few weeks before, had been among the thirteen who had seen the light of publicity thru the courtesy of Riswold's Magazine, which, already on its last legs, had politely placed its fingers to its nose and expired with a sum total of a million dollars in libel suits standing on its grave.

From a lower drawer of his desk J. Hamilton Eaves withdrew a copy of that famous issue on La Salle street, and he emitted a half sarcastic little laugh as he reflected how the notoriety it had caused, at least in its own circles, had caused him to place on his door the words NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES COMPANY in a much larger size of letter and his own name in a much smaller size than before.

Riswold's Magazine was a small, bright red covered, saucy little magazine, with a half-garbed lady poised on the cover, and a smattering of bright yellow in the title. J. Hamilton Eaves turned again to the article which had caused him to smile sweetly when it had first appeared, and which at the same time had caused thirteen other gentlemen to consult their lawyers posthaste. Ranged across the "spread"—that valuable piece of space where every magazine opens up in the middle—were thirteen plump faces with varying assortments of noses, ranging from the eagle to the pug, reproduced in halftone, but with line drawings or crowns cockily and impudently poised upon their brows. The scarehead underneath the thirteen faces ran:

THE THIRTEEN KINGS OF CROOKED CHICAGO FINANCE.
Without the Crowns They're a Big Time Rogues' Gallery.

And thereupon followed a brief history of each and every one of those crownbearing gentlemen, with their progenitors, their residences, their style of business, and a number of rather interesting transactions along the line of their particular specialty. Two of the thirteen, as it happened, belonged to J. Hamilton Eaves' particular game, which, stated concisely, was the promotion, capitalization, and stockselling of claptrap inventions—inventions whose shares sold like wildfire on the specious and oily tongued assurances that the Telephone, Gas Mantle, Automobile, even the Fountain Pen, had made millions for their stockholders—but which unfortunately never got farther than the erection of the foundations of a factory and a rather feeble attempt to put out a few hundred life-size working models to back up the energetic stock selling campaign and the equally energetic juggling by washed sales on the market till the bottom fell out with a dull thud.

How J. Hamilton Eaves escaped the write-up will never be definitely known, for the particulars of his quiet entrance on Chicago's Wall Street would have been most interesting reading had facts been dug up. Coming out of the West with an experience ranging from salted mines to selling spurious gold collar buttons on the street corner

Coming Out of the West With Experience Ranging From Salted Mines to Selling Spurious Gold Collar Buttons on the Street Corner, J. Hamilton Eaves Had Already Made Some Two Hundred Thousand Dollars by His Own Alluring Methods.

with an equally spurious bottle of acid to test them with, he had met, captivated and married the Chicago widow, whose fifty-thousand-dollar dowry had in turn incorporated, set up J. Hamilton Eaves with a stock of options and necessary legal rights, and equipped his magnificently furnished offices. And from this stock in trade he had made already, by rought estimate, some two hundred thousand dollars, which was carefully salted away for the proverbial day of blue—and yet bluer!—sky laws!

IN HIS persual of the Riswold Magazine article, J. Hamilton Eaves did not pay so much attention to the reading matter in the various "royal histories." He knew them all by heart, and did not need a re-reading of the dying issue of Riswold's Magazine to recall them for him. Perhaps he felt the slightest twinge of jealousy that he had not been included in this collection of get-rich-quick conjurors, for in his soul was that pronounced satisfaction that comes from an artistic and a wholly artistic separation of the sucker from his money. Just now, however, his chief attention was placed upon an eagle-nosed face bearing a crown some three faces from the left of the gallery. The name printed beneath in bold-face type was Johnstone Lee. Now Johnstone Lee's offices had been in the Temple building, seven floors above. Johnstone Lee was among the thirteen kings of the Riswold Magazine's sensational exposure. Johnstone Lee was a widower. Johnstone Lee had died rather suddenly and peculiarly some few weeks before. And Johnstone Lee, according to the garrulous postman, had received by mail a deck of cards!

Again J. Hamilton Eaves' attention focused itself troubledly upon two of the sentences in the cryptic warning:

> How many kings are missing from the deck?
> How many crooked kings are missing from the La Salle Street deck?

Almost subconsciously he began to sort out the deck in aces, deuces, and all the way up to court-cards, his pink, puffy cheeks sagging slightly outward as he leaned forward. The task did not take long. He had four of each and every card—but the kings! One king only—the king of spades was present. Three kings were missing!

He ran his eyes ower the "kings" in the Riswold Magazine's expose again. There were Fielding, Gannet, Brown, Pinkston, Paddon, Douglas, Heatherington, Clair, Paulsenon, Lee, Rothblume, Cranleigh, and Von Toulee. They were all of Chicago.

J. Hamilton Eaves arose and stepped to the door of his office. He gazed out. His capable, young and pretty stenographer was busy in one corner. The well-knit, stockily-built young man who occupied the highly essential position of mechanical expert with the company was busy draughting on a huge drawing-board by the window. The old bookkeeper was busy entering up sales of stocks. The office boy sat erect and imposing in his bright blue suit by his little table near the door, and the two glib-tongued stock salesmen, as could be seen thru the glass door of the adjoining room, were busily earning their commissions by convincing telephone talks with people whose names were on the valuable "sucker lists."

"I shall," he announced toward the stenographer, "be very busy for an hour. I can see no one."

And he closed the door and went back to his task.

First he called the telephone number which was that of the dead and departed Mr. Johnstone Lee. A good fellow, Lee. A capital fellow. A clever raconteur with his slow Southern drawl, and an artistic worker in his special branch of the game—Mexican silver mines. A woman's voice answered the phone.

"Mr. J. Hamilton Eaves of the Temple building speaking," pronounced the beefy-necked man in the swivel-chair. "This is——"

"Miss Annabel Lee," came a spinstry voice, with a pronouncedly Southern accent, and a shading of austerity.

"Mr. Lee's sister?" purred Mr. Eaves, dropping into that compelling tone of voice which was one of his assets with women. The artistic touch was perfect. A simpering acknowledgment came from the other end of the phone.

"Miss Lee, Mr. Lee was a great friend of mine, a ve-ree great friend, if I may say it. Our offices have been in the same building, in fact. Now I was out of town at the time of his death. I'd like to learn just what it was he died of?"

The woman told him in a few words. "Mr. Lee collapsed on thuh dohstep of thuh apahtment building heah thuh night of Septembah 9—just about three weeks ago. It was a rainy night. A neighboring tenant found him. He was unable to speak. He motioned that he felt dreadfully sick at the stomach—seemed to act 'as tho he wuh poisoned. We brought him upstayahs at once and put him to bed. He sunk quickly. We called the doctah. But Mr. Lee died sho'tly aftah midnight, without speaking. Ptomaine poisoning, the doctah called it."

"I'm most sorry to hear these details," said J. Hamilton Eaves. He cleared his throat. "Did he ever—er—ah mention anything about any practical joker around the 'street' here sending him any decks of cards, Miss Lee?" he went on imperturbably, but his spirit during his conversation had, somehow, grown troubled.

"I don't rememb— well, yes, Mr. Eaves, Ah do remembah him saying that the boys shu'ly liked to joke, but if they must joke they mought send him a deck of cahds he could use. Said—Ah think Ah heard him say—theah were a couple o' coht cahds—kings, Ah think—missing."

J. Hamilton Eaves expressed his sympathy with the bereaved sister in the most compelling manner. Then he hung up. He stared fixedly for a moment at the jumble of windows across the street, and then proceeded to open the telephone book at his elbow.

In direct rotation he called the offices of Fielding, Gannet, Brown, Pinkston and Paddon. The first four proved to be in, and J. Hamilton Eaves in each case gave but one query—as soon as he got his man.

"This is J. Hamilton Eaves of the Temple building speaking. I daresay you know me. There's a new stock going to be thrown on the market soon"—on the first call he had to think very hard to create a fictitious stock—"Consolidated Paper Horseshoe. In case you see a chance to get me any of this at any price within reason, call me at once—and keep my name out of it. Thank you, so much."

In this way he determined in each instance that his man was alive and, so to speak, "kicking." But in the case of Perry L. Paddon, the fifth "crooked king" whose productive game was Florida Grape Fruit Groves, and whose offices were in the New York Life building, he received the centralic communication: "Service is discontinued." Undaunted, he found that gentleman's residence phone, accompanied by the street number 724 Ashland boulevard, and calling it found by the reply that he was in communication with the switchboard of the fashionable Sportsmen's Club.

"Does Perry L. Paddon have quarters here?" he asked gruffly.

"Mr. Perry L. Paddon did have quarters here," came a girl's voice, "but he's dead."

"Dead!" ejaculated Eaves. "D—dead, eh? How—how'd he die? And when? This is—is a friend from out of town."

"Mr. Paddon ran over the open draw of the Madison street bridge on the night of the tenth of August in his car and was drowned. It was in the Chicago papers." The girl's voice paused. "Let you speak to his valet, who's workin' here for another gentleman if you want any information."

"Put him on the wire," snapped Eaves.

A clicking and a man's voice.

"Mr. Smith's quarters."

"Who is speaking?"

"Charles Goring, Mr. Smith's valet."

"You were formerly Mr. Perry L. Paddon's valet?"

"Yessir."

"Well this is a business friend of Mr. Paddon's here in Chicago. Perhaps you can give me some information. Just got into Chicago. Did Mr. Paddon receive any playing cards by mail before his death, so far as you know? There was a certain code message supposed to be forwarded to me in a stock transaction, and I've—er—heard something to the effect that——"

"Oh, yes sir; yes sir. I remember him getting an envelope in the mail with a king in it and some kind of a saying as how he would pass out like the fate of all such, or something, if he didn't close up his business in a week. He tore it up, tho. That what you mean, sir?"

"No—I guess not," said Eaves. "My code message wouldn't have any threats. Thanks, my man." And he hung up without having once given his name to any party at the Sportsmen's Club. He slumped down into his chair thinking. He had read all about the sensational skidding into the Chicago river of the man, one dark, rainy evening in August, car and all, and he recalled the grewsome description of the man's body as it was recovered, floating with eyes distended. But the cursed extra paper he had bought—he determined at once to stop that paper, for he had caught error after error in it—had got the name in its haste, P. L. Patton. And Patton was no other than Perry L. Paddon. And, somehow, in the tension of some stock sale, he must have muffed next morning's paper giving the true details of the tragedy and lost the information.

BACK he went to the task in hand.

In turn he called Douglas, Heatherington, Clair, Paulsenon, skipped Johnstone Lee who had died, Rothblume, Cranleigh, and Von Toulee. Again in the case of Maurice L. Rothblume, the notorious Jewish stock juggler in the Lumber Exchange building, he received startling information, namely: That the firm was being operated under that name by the junior partner, but

Jason Folwell Had Noticed From His Drawing-board in the Office of the National Industrial Securities Company, the Heavy-jawed, Thick-soled Men, Whose Clothes Marked Them for City Detectives, Stride Into the Private Office of His Employer, Where an Animated Interview Seemingly Took Place.

"The Repairman Had His Kit of Tools All Bundled Up, and He Was Leaning Over the Vault, Slowly Turning the Knob of the Outer Door."

that Rothblume himself had passed to the Great Beyond. And for details he was shifted by the clerk to Rothblume's La Salle avenue residence, and like a hound on the trail he stuck to the scent. A rich Jewish voice—which proved to be that of Miss Leah Rothblume—answered the phone.

Yes, her father had died in the latter part of August.

"I am sorry to tell you," she said, accepting Eaves' usual story without a question, "that father was found dying on the night of August 21, in Tower Square, on the north side, and never recovered consciousness. It was apoplexy. He owned property on Tower court and must have gone over there on foot after the close of business to look over it. He never spoke after they found him that bleak, rainy night, and died in the Passavant Hospital, near where he was found."

"Miss Rothblume," said Eaves, "I was a friend of your father—knew him well. I was out of town four days at the time of this, and being in a phase of the brokerage business where we do not meet and gossip much, never even knew of his death. May—may I ask you if you feel quite sure it was apoplexy? Could it have been foul play, perhaps? Were any threatening letters sent him prior to his death, so far as you know?"

"No," the Jewish girl replied. "Only a deck of cards with some card missing—the king—I believe, and some rubber-stamped threats about closing up his business within a certain time—a week, I believe. He told us of the threats after he had thrown them away. Purely a coincidence, tho. The police ambulance physician pronounced it apoplexy."

Eaves nodded sympathetically to the transmitter. He detected the faintest trace of tears in the girl's voice and diplomatically said good-by and hung up.

His gaze at the deck of cards and the cryptic rubber-stamped letter was more interested and worried now. His forehead was just a trifle moist, and he felt a little weak.

One thing was certain. Each of three men—three of the thirteen "crooked kings"—had received a concise and definite warning, accompanied by a symbol of his royal status. Each had evidently failed to heed his warning or to pay any attention to it. Each had apparently failed to "check up the deck," or, if he had done so, had not considered the facts he had found as corroborative of the genuineness of the letter. And each of the three had died—a different death each time, yet a death that was far from pleasant to contemplate. What was the cause of Paddon's death, who had received one lone king in the mails in the early part of August with the statement that he would suffer the fate of "all such" unless he closed up his business? Was it heart disease? Was it an accident? Or was he slain, placed in his car that rainy day, full speed put on the machine, and car and driver sent headlong toward the open draw into the river? He wondered. And what was the truth concerning Rothblume, who had received a deck with one king missing, and had died in the latter part of August of apoplexy? Was it apoplexy? And of Johnstone Lee—recipient in the earlier part of September of a deck with two kings missing—who had gone out by "ptomaine poisoning"? Who really knew whether it was ptomaine poisoning, after all—if the man had never spoken after he had been found in his vestibule?

One thing, however, loomed up in J. Hamilton Eaves' mind.

He—not of the thirteen kings of the Riswold's Magazine expose—had for some inexplicable reason been delegated to be "the fourth king."

He had received the fourth of four warnings, three of which had been followed by death.

Who was the sender, who signed himself by the bombastic and melodramatic title "Star of the Night?"

How would he strike?"

And when?

For, be it known, J. Hamilton Eaves was now working on the neatest trio of stock-selling propositions in his career—not the least lucrative of which was the Shanks Dictatograph. And he had no intentions whatsoever of quitting his business at this, of all stages. But he wished nevertheless, as he passed a hand over his warm brow, that he was in sunny climes, far, far away!

CHAPTER II.
COLD FACTS.

JASON FOLWELL, recently graduated from the Boston Polytechnic, at present mechanical expert for J. Hamilton Eaves, promoter of industrial devices, had noticed from his drawing-board in the office of the National Industrial Securities Company the two heavy-jawed, thick-soled men, whose clothes marked them for city detectives, stride into the private office of his employer; and he had seen by the silhouettes on the frosted glass window of the door that a long interview of at least an hour was taking place, with here and there the sounds of voices and the stepping back and forth of various individuals across the room from the window to the big garish two-door vault which J. Hamilton Eaves had recently installed to hold the mechanical devices, options, stock certificates and other assets of the business.

He glanced up from his work with interest as the two heavy-jawed men at last bowed their way out with a sidewise glance at him which he could not then interpret, and passed from the office and out into the hallway again. Sixty seconds later, the plump form of J. Hamilton Eaves beckoned to him from the doorway of the private office.

"Jason, will you step in here for a few minutes? Want to have a talk with you."

Folwell arose from his board, brushing back from his forehead the tangled mass of brown hair, which persisted in straying down over his vision. He straightened up his athletic form, pulled the wrinkles out of his coat and adjusted his tie. Then he stepped into the adjoining room, past the bright Shanks Dictatograph which stood near the center of the space, and stood with his hand the back of a mahogany chair close to Eaves' desk.

The older man, whose face usually radiated the benign shining satisfaction of the angel that bestows on mankind the largess of Heaven itself, was serious and a bit hard as he closed the door. He motioned curtly to take a seat, and plumped down into a swivel-chair where he stared at Folwell with a peculiar glint in his close-set, piglike eyes.

"Jason," he began, "how long have we been associated here now?"

"Five months minus three days," said Folwell. He wondered if by any possibility he were going to receive a raise—but he hoped not, as he had quite determined to sever all connections with J. Hamilton Eaves, wolf to the unwary

"Um." Eaves nodded. He stared at Folwell a little harder.

"Jason, do you know who those two men were? The ones that were just in here?"

"I'd hazard that they were plain-clothes men from the city detective bureau," said Folwell politely. "I know the type. Straight jaws, blue eyes, black eyelashes, heavy brogans. Or, is the guess of the company's mechanical expert far and away?"

"They were police officers," announced Eaves curtly. "And they are returning here in an hour."

All this was quite cryptic to Folwell, who, however, politely said nothing until J. Hamilton Eaves felt able to elucidate further.

"Jason," said that gentleman finally, "when I first set my eyes on you, I felt that you were a man of profound honor and one that could be trusted with almost any amount of money. On top of that your references were A. No. 1. When I first set my eyes upon Miss Reardon——"

"Miss Reardon? Avery?" ejaculated Folwell, sitting up suddenly in his chair.

"Yes, Miss Reardon—Avery Reardon," went on Eaves. "I put her down likewise for a girl whose trustworthiness would be beyond impeachment. I confess that there has been about her some hidden thing—something that I can't quite get at the bottom of—dammit, there certainly is some secret mystery about that girl—but it may not concern this company at all. At any rate, when I had this new vault with the double combination doors installed, I felt that it was quite every bit of all right—as the Englishman says—to intrust the combination of both the outer door and the inner door to you two only; so that you could get out the mechanical devices and drawings when you needed them and likewise put them away again when you were done with 'em; to her so that she could get in and out for information which was called for, and stock certificates which must be mailed out, data which must be gotten, and so forth." He paused. "At any rate, one of you has done me to the extent of some $5,100, and we're going to find out within the next four hours today which one of you has pulled the stunt. Jason, I think one minute it's you—and then I'm certain the girl did it. And as for your ownself, I'm going to go so far as to tell you exactly why you're in bad with me." He paused and fumbled in his desk, withdrawing a folded letter.

As for Folwell, he heard the older man's speech thru in amazement. The statement of being "done" out of $5,100 was quite unintelligible to him. He wondered dimly for a few seconds if he had actually heard aright, particularly in the connection of the accusation with himself, but he held his lips together to see what the next exhibit was to be.

"Jason, this is your letter and handwriting, I believe?" Eaves handed him the letter.

Folwell looked at it. Of course, it was his own, for he had written the words thereon. He ran his eyes over them again. They were unchanged. They constituted his application, submitted in writing by Eaves' own request, to Eaves himself for a loan upon Folwell's rights in the Folwell-Schierling rotogravure disc. They ran:

Dear Sir:

I submit for your consideration the Folwell-Schierling Rotogravure Disc, invented and patented by Jason T. Folwell and Franz L. Schierling, of the Boston Polytechnic College and the American Rotogravure Company respectively, rights owned half and half. Various offers have been made for the complete rights in this invention. Schierling, needing money, has given an option to the undersigned, agreeing to sell his fifty per cent interest for five thousand dollars, which in the opinion of the undersigned is worth more than that and ultimately as much as five times that amount. The undersigned offers a first lien upon the Folwell-Schierling Rotogravure Disc for the sum of five thousand dollars, payable in one year, said sum to be paid directly to Franz L. Schierling to guarantee complete title to invention in the name of Jason T. Folwell. (Signed)

JASON T. FOLWELL.

"This is my letter," acknowledged Folwell, looking up.

"You needed five thousand dollars when it was written, didn't you, Jason, to get control of something that would be worth in time a lot more, as you thought?"

"Not as I thought, but as I practically knew," replied Folwell. He paused. "Say, Mr. Eaves, you've just made an accusation of something that sounds like theft around here, and you haven't come across yet with what it's about. Now what are you driving at?"

"Simply this," snapped Eaves. "I'll come to the point." He extended his index finger toward the big steel safe, facing the bright light from the windows, which had been installed for perhaps two months now. "Jason, there were three people who knew both the outer and inner combination of that safe. They were you and I and Avery Reardon. And not another soul but we three knew it, unless you or she were faithless to my decency in giving you both the combinations for efficiency's sake. All right. Something over seven weeks ago—on or about August 15, to be exact—I deposited in the small upper drawer of the inner compartment—the one marked 'Eaves—private'—a bundle of listed certificates—twenty-one hundred dollars in U. S. Steel stock, fourteen hundred dollars in City of Denver four percents, and sixteen hundred dollars more of Oregon Falls Light and Power Company 7 percents. They were in a big

envelope made out of a discarded sheet of thick drawing paper—made it myself with a scissors and paste-pot. The envelope, like the drawer it was in, was marked 'private.' Today—this morning—I went to have a look at 'em, and—lo and behold!—the drawer was empty, the envelope was gone!" He paused for breath. "Jason, you needed five thousand for what you thought was a golden opportunity. I had to turn you down, for your invention wasn't and isn't the glittering kind that I can promote successfully with benefit to myself. Five thousand one hundred dollars in bonds and stocks is gone. Well—what have you got to say?"

FOLWELL drew his lips together into a thin, hard line. This was the first time in his life he had ever been accused of theft, and the experience was not altogether pleasant.

"Well——" he began. He stopped. "Say, Mr. Eaves, how does either Miss Reardon or myself know that you didn't take the bonds yourself for some reason and are trying to throw the blame on one of us?"

"Yes, why?" retorted J. Hamilton Eaves bitterly. "Why? Why? Because in with them was our option on the promotion rights of the Judson Tolliver two-color fountain pen. And it expires tomorrow! The old gentleman has been trying in a dozen ways to get me to relinquish it since he got hold of some series of newspaper articles on invention promotion—stuff a la Riswold's Magazine, I guess. With the control of that two-color pen thru that option, I expected to clean up nothing less than a good fifty thousand dollars by promoting it. Well, the option's gone. Old Judson Tolliver gets back his pen rights—and I lose what promises to be the neatest proposition yet, barring perhaps the Shanks Dictatograph. I suppose whoever pillaged the safe sold back the option to Judson Tolliver for a few hundred cash." His voice was bitter.

"I didn't steal your bonds nor your option nor your envelope nor anything in your safe," declared Folwell angrily.

"I suppose," said Eaves, a trace of sarcasm in his voice, "that you didn't." He leaned back in his chair, his countenance a peculiar admixture of bitterness and, strangely, harassment.

"Jason, if it had been you and you had been willing to come clean, and 'fess up'"—he tapped a paper on his desk—"I had intended giving you not only two weeks in which to square yourself, but to give you the golden opportunity of your life to walk out of the whole nasty mess and no more words said on either side. But instead I've got to go to all the trouble now to have both yourself and Avery Reardon arrested, taken to detective headquarters, and grilled good and proper. For the police are equally as strong to suspect her as you."

"Miss Reardon—detective headquarters—arrest!" stammered Folwell. He uncrossed his legs in his perturbation. "Why, say, Mr. Eaves, that's—that's an injustice. That's a crime. That's——"

"Oh, so you know, do you, that she's innocent?" said Eaves.

Folwell sighed. He knew why he was sighing—and he alone knew why. He, of all persons, was cognizant of the strange complications that stood in this case—and Eaves hadn't the least glimmering of the facts.

"You say if I had been willing to confess up, you'd have given me two weeks to square myself as well as an opportunity to walk out of the mess? What does that mean?"

"It means," said J. Hamilton Eaves, "that you admitted the facts, and had I had a signed confession from you to protect me against your denying later your own admissions on the theft, I'd have given you the opportunity of getting back that paper and a receipt in full for the bonds, all for doing some private work for me. The whole thing would have been called quits. It would have been a fifty-one-hundred-dollar bargain, in other words. And the pay would have been just about three hundred and sixty dollars a day."

"Three hundred and sixty dollars a day!" ejaculated Folwell. "Three hundred and sixty dollars a day?" he repeated.

"Yes—if you had come clean with me. But instead I'm up in the air, and you and the girl can fight it out over at headquarters. For all I know, Folwell, maybe you're both in collusion. The officers have orders to return in one hour unless I send word to them that the case is adjusted. Now, instead, I've got to send out, nab Miss Reardon before she leaves on her trip to Canada, and let them haggle it out with both of you. Confound you, Jason, if you're the guilty one, why don't you be sensible?"

"Let's see the confession," said that young man.

Eaves handed it over. It was written in Eaves' big, flowing hand, with the purple ink of his fountain pen. It read simply:

The undersigned admits herewith the theft from the safe of J. Hamilton Eaves one package of bonds and stocks amounting to $5,100, together with one option paper. This confes-

(Continued on Page 16.)

The Game at Goulet's

By William Hamilton Osborne

THE individual of distinguished bearing who had, for a short space of time, been standing in front of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, was none other than Mr. Barnabas Billington, of New York. He was engaged, apparently, in contemplating life. Outwardly he was imperturbable and calm. But there was internecine turbulence within.

"My insides," commented Mr. Barnabas Billington to himself, as he flicked a bit of dust from the lapel of his frock coat, "my insides are clamoring insistently for sustenance."

Mr. Billington was hungry—disgracefully and outrageously hungry. The world, which owed Mr. Billington a living, had incontinently slipped a cog somewhere—had unwarrantably interrupted the habits of a lifetime. For it had been Mr. Billington's regular custom to break his fast each day at 8 o'clock, to lunch wisely but not too well at 1, and to dine well but not too wisely, at the hour of 6. None of these things had he done for the full space of thirty hours, and he was well-night famished. His constitution—a robust one—cried out against the unconstitutionality of the omission. But Mr. Barnabas Billington gave no sign. He held his head as high as ever. So far as his outward appearance was concerned he might have been the President of the United States, the Czar of all the Russias—the Mikado of Japan.

He flicked the unoffending curbstone with his bamboo cane. A policeman sauntered past and Mr. Billington recognized his presence with a bow.

"A fine class of men," thought he to himself, "and so well fed," he added bitterly. Even as he meditated upon this, Mr. Billington felt a no-uncertain grip upon his arm. He swung hastily about, with his heart in his throat, for he feared that the grip was the grip of the officer who had just gone by—the grip of the insatiate Law. But he was mistaken—the fact was otherwise. The man who faced him was a man of medium size—a gray sort of a man—middle-aged, modest in appearance, clothed in unostentatious garments. The name of this man was Wylie Warwick, late of Chicago, now of the Borough of Manhattan, N. Y.

Barnabas Billington breathed a sigh of relief. "By George," he exclaimed, "I'm glad it's you instead of——" He paused. "I'm glad it's you, anyway," he went on, "You're the very man I wanted, most, to meet. I'm starved to death. I want some of your money and want it mighty quick. What do you say to that?"

Wylie Warwick, Esquire, had naught to say about it. Without an instant's hesitation he thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket and produced a wallet. He opened this wallet and took therefrom a goodly packet of bills and banknotes of all denominations.

"How much?" he asked, uncertainly.

But Billington, his eye upon the packet, slowly shook his head. "Not that kind," he protested, "what I want is something real, you see."

Mr. Warwick sighed and returned the packet to the wallet; the wallet to his coat.

"I'm disappointed," he suggested, sadly, "for I was sure that you were going to shove some of 'em along for me." He sighed again. "Tho I will confess," he added, "that it's more than I dare to do just now, myself. This town, Billington, is saturated with my money from the Battery to the Borough of the Bronx. I had to stop for fear of precipitation."

"Not precipitation," delicately insinuated Mr. Billington, with a smile, "incarceration—that's the word."

THESE two gentlemen, Messrs. Billington and Warwick, had known each other for the space of some six months. Each was a man with a specialty. They had met under circumstances which were peculiar—perhaps unique. Mr. Barnabas Billington's specialty consisted in the sale of New York properties which did not exist. He sold to any who would buy. His deeds he carefully prepared and signed himself, and frequently he backed them up by title policies of his own title company—a company which, like the lots, had no material existence.

The specialty of Mr. Wylie Warwick, in its way, was quite as meritorious, for it consisted in paying for everything in bills of large denomination—and getting back the change. Getting back the change was the important feature to Mr. Warwick. For the bills, tho out of a brand which Mr. Warwick could personally guarantee, did not compare with those turned out by Mr. Warwick's money-making rival, the government of the United States.

Six months before, Mr. Billington had sold a Harlem lot to Mr. Warwick for the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars; and Mr. Warwick had offered three one-thousand-dollar bills in payment and had asked for the inevitable change. And in that instant, each har recognized the other's genius, had shaken hands, and from that instant had become fast friends. So far, neither had regretted the acquaintance.

But the time had come when, for a while at least, the public had lost interest in the wares of both these gentlemen; while the police department, taking up the thread where the public dropped it, had manifested an interest in their doings which was unpleasant and embarassing to each. So far, however, the police department had failed to make the acquaintance of either Mr. Billington or Mr. Warwick. So far, therefore, thought the two, so good.

For a third time Mr. Warwick sighed. "I have plenty of the queer," he continued, "plenty of it. But I've only got a half dollar of the kind you're looking for. That, or a goodly portion of it, to say the least, is at your service, sir; thó, by Jove, I'm way down to hard pan myself. I am."

He stopped for an instant and looked Mr. Billington over from the crown of his high silk hat to the soles of his unsullied patent leather shoes.

"Why in thunder," he exclaimed, as he compared the elegance of Mr. Billington's apparel, with the sombre and somewhat wrinkled effect of his own attire, "why in thunder, if you're so hard up, don't you go and pawn some of your good clothes—why not?"

Mr. Billington, to do him justice—blushed. "What," he returned, holding up his hands in holy horror, "and go naked? Never."

"But no," he went on, solemnly, "my clothes are all my capital—my stock in trade. In my case, clothes, indeed, do make the man. Who steals my name, steals trash——"

"Amen," echoed Warwick, with a significant smile.

"But he," continued Billington, impressively, "who filches from me my good clothes, robs me of that which cannot possibly fit him, and makes me poor indeed. And, besides," he added, unbuttoning his frock coat, "you are able to see for yourself, that, in a measure, I have already anticipated your advice." His waistcoat and his inevitable shirt-front diamond stud, were gone.

Warwick swung slowly on his heel. "I'm hungry, too," he remarked, getting back to the starting point, "blamed hungry. But what of it? I guess two of us can dine on fifty cents."

Billington, whose tastes were more advanced, energetically shook his head. "One can't dine on fifty cents," he answered, "one might nibble on that sum—but two can barely smell. Still, when you come right down to it, I suppose it's an improvement on a vacuum." He placed his hand upon the region of his stomach.

Warwick looked troubled. "If I dared," he began, "I'd shove some more of this queer; but as it is, I guess I'd better not. I think Billington will have, instead, a Wylie Warwick dinner."

"A Wylie Warwick," queried Billington uncertainly, "what now, might a Wylie Warwick dinner be?"

"A Wylie Warwick," returned that gentleman, "is a dinner that you can always get in any restaurant where you are permitted to pay your check yourself, at the cashier's desk. If that privilege be granted to you rather than to the waiter, then you can have a four-dollar dinner for the small sum of forty cents. And that, sir, is a Wylie Warwick."

Mr. Billington clapped him on the back. "If ever an invention," exclaimed

"I See," Remarked Sotto Voce, "That the Man Who Eats Last Eats Best—Under the Warwick System."

Billington, "was superior to its inventor—this is it. By all means let us have a Wylie Warwick."

Warwick pulled out his watch. "It's just 12," he announced "early, but all the better. Come. We'll go to Bamberger's Cosmopolitan on Sixth avenue. That's a likely kind of place."

It was a likely kind of place—is, yet; a good place to get a good substantial meal—thick, juicy, tender cuts of beef, large, mealy potatoes with their jackets on, and all that sort of thing. It catered

(Continued on Page 14.)

A Mystery That Began in New York and Ended in Colorado

The Strange Case of Cavendish

By Randall Parrish

The Story From the Beginning

FREDERICK CAVENDISH of New York got a wire from Jim Westcott, Colorado mine prospector, asking him to come West to assist in recovering a "lost lead," one that promised "big," but which had suddenly "petered out." Before starting for the West, Cavendish upbraided his cousin, John Cavendish, for his conduct in spending so much money and carrying on his nightly revels with flashy stage women—money invariably supplied by the millionaire—and made a will, drawn by

PATRICK ENRIGHT, a lawyer, by which the bulk of his fortune would go to charitable organizations in case of his death, leaving but a small annuity to his profligate cousin. Late that night the safe and drawers in Frederick Cavendish's apartments were found rifled, the curtains of the library ablaze and a lifeless body lying by a window opening on the fire-escape. The victim's body was burned almost beyond recognition, and there was evidence of a heavy blow upon the back of his head. After identification of the body by the dead man's valet,

FRANCOIS VALOIS, and by John Cavendish, the cousin, the case was recorded as murder and robbery by party or parties unknown and the body consigned to its grave as that of Frederick Cavendish. On the day following the funeral

JOHN CAVENDISH discharged Valois, the valet, and prepared to assume his cousin's responsibilities and his large fortune. About a month later Enright, the lawyer, summoned Cavendish to his office and told him of the will, of which he had an unsigned carbon copy, together with the deceased's own notes, from which he, Enright, had put the will into legal form, the signed and witnessed copy of which Frederick Cavendish had insisted upon retaining. As a price for his silence, and his services in clearing up the estate, the lawyer demanded a promissory note for a hundred thousand dollars, which the young heir finally signed, knowing the lawyer could make him trouble, even tho he were innocent of his cousin's death. He was bold enough, however, to denounce the lawyer as a scheming blackmailer. Two persons connected with the case, in their lines of duty, were

MISS STELLA DONOVAN, a courageous newspaper woman, and Willis, a reporter of rare detective ability, both employed by the Star. These two, as well as Valois, the valet, and his sweetheart, Josette La Baum, were not satisfied with the disposition of the case, and the newspaper pair resolved to keep on the trail of young Cavendish and

CELESTE LA RUE, a showgirl who seemed to have first call on the spendthrift in his daily plunges into Broadway's fast life and costly trails.

After Miss Donovan and Willis had overheard a conversation in a cafe, between the La Rue woman and John Cavendish, in which the chorus girl demanded $10,000 for a trip to the West for the purpose of aiding one

NED BEATON, in some sort of scheme, and apparently received a check for the amount, Farris, managing editor of the Star, decided to send Stella to Haskell, Colorado, a mining town, where Beaton was supposed to be and which was the chorus girl's destination.

Upon her arrival in Haskell Miss Donovan was escorted to the hotel by a polite and decent-appearing man who proved to be none other than

JIM WESTCOTT, partner in a mining enterprise of Frederick Cavendish, of whose alleged murder he had not heard. Miss Donovan told Westcott and others about the hotel—a rough lot—that she had been sent from New York to write a series of articles on the New West. Beaton annoyed Stella with impertinent questions and a fist fight followed between himself and Westcott, who warned Beaton to not attempt any more Bowery gun tactics (shooting from the pocket) in his presence.

BILL LACY, Westcott's rival in mining activities and the chief of the "Lacy gang," twitted Jim of being short of capital with which to operate his mine, even tho a rich lead had been rediscovered, at the same time intimating that his "millionaire friend" in New York would never show up to help him out, referring, of course, to Frederick Cavendish.

This story began in No. 21, the Ledger for May 21. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT AND A MORNING.

STELLA DONOVAN never forgot the miseries of her first night in Haskell. When old man Timmons finally left her, after placing the flaring lap on a chair, and went pattering back down the bare hall, she glanced shudderingly about at her unpleasant surroundings, none too pleased with the turn of events.

The room was scarcely large enough to contain the few articles of furniture absolutely required. Its walls were of unplaned plank occasionally failing to meet, and the only covering to the floor was a dingy strip of rag-carpet. The bed was a cot, shapeless, and propped up on one side by the iron leg of some veranda bench, while the open window looked out into the street. There was a bolt, not appearing particularly secure, with which Miss Donovan immediately locked the door before venturing across to take a glance without.

The view was hardly reassuring, as the single street was still the scene of pandemonium, the saloon and dance hall almost directly opposite, operating in full blast. Oaths and ribald laughter assailed her ears, while directly beneath, altho out of her view, a quarrel threatened to lead to serious consequences. She pulled down the window to shut out these sounds, but the room became so stuffy and hot without even this slight ventilation, as to oblige her opening it again. As a compromise she hauled down the curtain, a green paper affair, torn badly, and which occasionally flapped in the wind with a startling noise.

The bedclothing, once turned back and inspected, was of a nature to prevent the girl from disrobing; but finally she lay down, seeking such rest as was possible, after turning the flickering flames of the lamp as low as she dared, and then finally blowing it out altogether. The glare from the street crept in thru the cracks in the curtain, playing in fantastic light and shadow across ceiling and wall, while the infernal din never ceased.

Sleep was not to be attained, altho she closed her eyes and muffled her ears. The misshapen bed brought no comfort to her tired body, for no matter how she adjusted herself, the result was practically the same. Not even her mind rested.

Miss Donovan was not naturally of a nervous disposition. She had been brought up very largely to reply upon herself, and life had never been sufficiently easy for her to find time in which to cultivate nerves. Her newspaper training had been somewhat strenuous, and had won her a reputation in New York for unusual fearlessness and devotion to duty. Yet this situation was so utterly different, and so entirely unexpected, that she confessed to herself she would be very glad to be safely out of it.

A revolver shot rang out sharply from one of the rooms below, followed by the sound of loud voices, and a noise of struggle. The startled girl sat upright on the cot, listening, but the disturbance ceased almost immediately, and she finally lay down again, her heart still beating wildly. Her thoughts, never still, wandered over the events of the evening—the arrival at Haskell station, the strange meeting with Westcott, and the sudden revelation that he was the partner of Frederick Cavendish.

The big, good-natured miner had interested her from the first as representing a perfect type of her preconceived ideal of the real Westerner. She had liked the firm character of his face, the quiet, thoughtful way in which he acted, the whole unobtrusive bearing of the man. Then, as they walked that long mile together in the darkness, she had learned things about him—little glimpses of his past, and of dawning hopes—which only served to increase her confidence. Already he had awakened her trust; she felt convinced that if she needed friendship, advice, even actual assistance, here was one whom she could implicitly trust.

The racket outside died away slowly. She heard various guests return to their rooms, staggering along the hall and fumbling at their doors; voices echoed here and there, and one fellow, mistaking his domicile entirely, struggled with her latch in a vain endeavor to gain entrance. She was upon her feet, when companions arrived and led the invader elsewhere, their loud laughter dying away in the distance. It was long after this before nature finally conquered and the girl slept outstretched on the hard cot, the first faint gray of dawn already visible in the eastern sky.

She was young, tho, and she awoke rested and refreshed, in spite of the fact that her body ached at first from the discomfort of the cot. The sunlight rested in a sheet of gold on her drawn curtain, and the silence of the morning, following so unexpectedly the dismal racket of the night, seemed to fairly shock her into consciousness. Could this be Haskell? Could this indeed be the inferno into which she had been precipitated from the train in the darkness of the evening before? She stared about at the bare, board walls, the bullet-scarred mirror, the cracked pitcher, before she could fully reassure herself; then stepped upon the disreputable rug, and crossed to the open window.

Haskell at 9 in the morning bore but slight resemblance to that same environment during the hours of darkness—especially on a night immediately following pay day at the mines. As Miss Donovan, now thoroly awake, and obsessed by the memory of those past hours of horror, cautiously drew aside the corner of torn curtain, and gazed down upon the deserted street below, she could scarcely accept the evidence of her own eyes.

True, there were many proofs visible of the wild riot of the evening before—town papers, emptied bottles, a shattered sign or two, an oil-lamp blown into bits by some well-directed shot, a hat lying in the middle of the road, and a dejected pony or two, still at the hitching rack, waiting a delayed rider.

He Picked Up the Lamp and Turned. At the Same Instant a Sudden Red Glare Flamed in the Black of the Open Window.

But, except for these mute reminiscences of past frolic, the long street seemed utterly dead, the doors of saloons and dance halls closed, the dust swirling back and forth to puffs of wind, the only moving object visible being a gaunt, yellow dog trotting soberly past.

However, it was not upon this view of desolation that Miss Donovan's eyes clung. They had taken all this in at a glance, startled, scarcely comprehending, but the next instant wandered to the marvelous scene revealed beyond that squalid street, and those miserable shacks, to the green beauty of the outspread valley, and the wondrous vista of mountain peaks beyond.

She straightened up, emitting a swift breath of delight, as her wide-open eyes surveyed the marvelous scene of mingled loveliness and grandeur. The stream, curving like a great snake, gleamed amid the acres of green grass, its swift waters sparkling in the sun. Here and there it would dip down between high banks, or disappear for a moment behind a clump of willows, only to reappear in broader volume. Beyond, seemingly at no distance at all, yet bordered by miles of turf and desert, the patches of vivid green interspersed with the darker coloring of spruce, and the outcropping of brown rocks, the towering peaks of a great mountain-chain swept up into the clear blue of the sky, black almost to their summits, which were dazzling with the white of unmelted snow. Marvelous, awe-inspiring as the picture was in itself alone, it was rendered even more wonderful when contrasted with the ugly squalidness of the town below, its tents and shacks sprawling across the flat, the sunlight revealing its dust and desolation.

The girl's first exclamation of delight died away as she observed these works of man projected against this screen of Nature's building; yet her eyes dwelt lovingly for some time on the far-flung line of mountains, before she finally released the green shade, and shut out the scene. Her toilet was a matter of but a few minutes, altho she took occasion to slip on a fresh waist, and to brighten up the shoes, somewhat soiled by the tramp thru the thick dust the evening before. Indeed, it was a very charming young woman, her dress and appearance quite sufficiently Eastern, who finally ventured out into the rough hall, and down the single flight of stairs. The hotel was silent, except for the heavy breathing of a sleeper in one of the rooms she passed, and a melancholy-looking Chinaman, apparently engaged in chamber work at the further end of the hall. Timmons was alone in the office, playing with a shaggy dog, and the floor remained unswept, while a broken chair still bore evidence of the debauch of the previous night. The landlord greeted her rather sullenly, his eyes heavy and red from lack of sleep.

"Morning," he said, without attempting to rise. "Lie down thar, Towser; the lady don't likely want yer nosin' around. Yer a bit late fer breakfast; it's ginerally over with by 8 o'clock."

"I am not at all hungry," she answered. "It is far to the postoffice?"

"'Bout two blocks, ter yer right. If yer intendin' ter stay yere, ye better have yer mail sent ter the hotel."

"Thank you; I'll see. I do not know yet the length of my stay."

"Are ye yere on business?"

"Partly; but it may require only a few days."

"Waal, if yer do stay over, maybe I kin fix yer up a bit more comfortable-like. Thar'll be some drummers a goin' out today, I reckon."

"Thank you very much; I'll let you know what I decide the moment I know myself. Is that a hunting-dog?"

"Bones, mostly," he responded gloomily, but stroking the animal's head. "Leastwise, he ain't been trained none. I just naturally like a darg round fer company—they sorter seem homelike."

She passed out into the bright sunshine, and clear mountain air. The boardwalk ended at the corner of the hotel, but a narrow cinder-path continued down that side of the street for some distance. The houses were scattered, the vacant spaces between grown up to weeds, and more or less ornamented by tin cans, and as she ad-

vanced she encountered only two pedestrians—a cowboy, so drunk that he hung desperately to the upper board of a fence in order to let her pass, staring at her as if she was some vision, and a burly fellow in a checked suit, with some mail in his hand, who stopped after they had passed each other, and gazed back at her as tho more than ordinarily interested. From the hotel stoop he watched until she vanished within the general store, which contained the postoffice.

Thru the rude window the clerk pushed a plain manila envelope into her outstretched hand. Evidently from the thinness of the letter, Farriss had but few instructions to give and, thrusting the unopened missive into her handbag, she retraced her steps to her room.

There she vented a startled gasp. The suitcase which she had left closed upon the floor was open—wide open—its contents disarranged. Some one had rummaged it thoroly. And Miss Donovan knew that she was under suspicion.

CHAPTER X.

AT A NEW ANGLE.

THE knowledge that she was thus being spied upon gave the girl a sudden thrill, but not of fear. Instead it served to strengthen her resolve. There had been nothing in her valise to show who she really was, or why she was in Haskell, and consequently, if any vague suspicion had been aroused as to her presence in that community, the searchers had discovered no proof by this rifling of her bag.

She examined the room thoroly, and glanced out into the still, deserted hall before bolting the door. The cracks in the wall were scarcely wide enough to be dangerous, yet she took the precaution of shrinking back into the darkest corner before opening her handbag and extracting the letter. It bore a typewritten address, with no suspicious characteristics about the envelope, the return card (typewritten also) being the home address of Farriss.

Farriss' letter contained nothing of interest except the fact that Enright had also left for the West. He instructed her to be on the lookout for him in Haskell, added a line or two of suggestions, and ordered her to proceed with caution, as her quest might prove to be a dangerous one.

Miss Donovan tore the letter into small bits, wrapping the fragments in a handkerchief until she could throw them safely away. For some time she stood motionless at the window, looking out, but seeing nothing, her mind busy with the problem. She thought rapidly and clearly, more than ordinarily eager to solve this mystery. She was a newspaper woman, and the strange story in which she was involved appealed to her imagination, yet its appeal was far more effective in a purely personal way. It was Frederick Cavendish who had formerly been the partner of Jim Westcott. This was why no answer had come to the telegrams and letters the latter had sent East. What had become of them? Had they fallen into the hands of these others? Was this the true reason for Beaton's presence in Haskell, and also why the La Rue woman had been hastily sent for? She was not quite ready to accept that theory; the occasion hardly seemed important enough by itself alone.

Westcott's discovery was not even proven yet; its value had not been definitely established; it was of comparatively small importance contrasted with the known wealth left by the murdered man in the East. No, there must be some other cause for this sudden visit to Colorado. But what? She gave little credence to the vague suspicions advanced by Valois; that was altogether too impossible, too melodramatic, this thought of the substitution of some other body. It might be done, of course; indeed, she had a dim remembrance of having read of such a case somewhere, but there could be no object attained in this affair. Frederick dead, apparently killed by a burglar in his own apartments, was quite understandable; but kidnaped and still alive, another body substituted for his, resembling him sufficiently to be unrecognized as a fraud, would be a perfectly senseless proceedure. No doubt there had been a crime committed, its object the attainment of money, but without question the cost had been the life of Frederick Cavendish.

Yet why was the man Beaton out here? For what purpose had he wired the La Rue woman to join him? And why had some one already entered her room and examined the contents of Stella Donovan's bag? To these queries there seemed to be no satisfactory answers. She must consult with Westcott, and await an opportunity to make the acquaintance of Celeste La Rue.

She was still there, her elbows on the window-ledge, her face half concealed in the hollow of her hands, so lost in thought as to be oblivious to the flight of time, when the harsh clang of the dinner-bell from the porch below aroused her to a sense of hunger.

Ten minutes later Timmons, guiltless of any coat, but temporarily laying aside his pipe as a special act of courtesy, escorted her into the dining-room and seated her at a table between the two front windows. Evidently this was reserved for the more distinguished guests—traveling men and those paying regular day rates—for its only other occupant was the individual in the check suit whom she vaguely remembered passing on the street a few hours before.

The two long tables occupying the center of the room were already well filled with hungry men indiscriminately attired, not a few coatless and with rolled-up sleeves, as tho they had hurried in from work at the first sound of the gong. These paid little attention to her entrance, except to stare curiously as she crossed the floor in Timmon's wake, and immediately afterward again devoted themselves noisily to their food.

A waitress, a red-haired, slovenly girl, with an impediment in her speech, took her order and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and Miss Donovan discreetly lifted her eyes to observe the man sitting nearly opposite. He was not prepossessing, yet she instantly recognized his type, and the probability that he would address her if the slightest opportunity occurred. Beneath lowered lashes she studied the fellow—the prominent jaw and thick lips shadowed by a closely trimmed mustache; the small eyes beneath overhanging brows; the heavy hair brushed back from a rather low forehead, and the short, stubby fingers grasping knife and fork.

If he is a drummer, she thought, his line would be whisky; then, almost as suddenly, it occurred to her that perhaps he may prove to be Ned Beaton, and she drew in her breath sharply, determined to break the ice.

THE waitress spread out the various dishes before her, and she glanced at them hopelessly. As she lifted her gaze she met that of her vis-a-vis fairly, and managed to smile.

"Some chuck," he said in an attempt at good-fellowship, "but not to remind you of the Waldorf-Astoria."

"I should say not," she answered, testing one of her dishes cautiously. "But why associate me with New York?"

"You can't hide those things in a joint like this. Besides, that's the way you registered."

"Oh, so you've looked me up."

"Well, naturally," he explained, as tho with a dim idea that an explanation was required, "I took a squint at the register; then I became more interested, for I'm from little old New York myself."

"You are? Selling goods on the road away out here?"

"Not me; that ain't my line at all. I've got a considerable mining deal on up the canyon. I'll earn every dollar I'll make, tho, eating this grub. Believe me, I'd like to be back by the Hudson right now."

"You've been here some time, then?"

"'Bout a month altogether, but not here in Haskell all that time. When did you leave New York?"

"Oh, more than a week ago, she lied gracefully.

He stroked his mustache.

"Then I suppose you haven't much late New York news? Nothing startling, I mean?"

"No; only what has been reported in the Western papers. I do not recall anything particularly interesting.." She dropped her eyes to her plate and busied herself with a piece of tough beef. "The usual murders, of course, and things of that kind."

There was a moment's silence, then the man laughed as tho slightly ill at ease.

"These fellows out here think they are a pretty tough lot," he said grimly, "but there are plenty of boys back on the East Side who could show them a few tricks. You know that part of the old town?"

"Not very well," she admitted with apparent regret, "but of course I read a good bit about it in the papers—the desperate characters, gunmen, and all those the police have so much trouble with. Are those stories really true?"

"There ain't a third of them ever told," and he leaned forward, quite at his ease again. "I have some business interests down that way, and so hear a good deal of what is going on at first hand. A New York gunman is so much worse than these amateurs out here there ain't no comparison. Why, I know a case——"

He stopped suddenly and took a sip of coffee.

"Tell me about it."

"'Tisn't anything to interest you, and, besides, it wouldn't sound well here at the table; some other time, maybe, when you and I get better acquainted. What ever brought a girl like you down in here?"

She smiled.

"I'm a feature writer; I'm doing a series on the West for Griffith's," she told him. "I visit New Mexico next, but I'm after something else besides a description of mountains and men; I'm also going to hunt up an old friend interested in mining, who told me if I ever got out this way I must look him up.

"I haven't seen him for years. He was continually singing this valley's charms, and so here I am. And I'm planning a great surprise on him. And, of course, I'm literally drinking in atmosphere—to say nothing of local color,

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which seems mostly to be men and revolvers."

The man opposite wet his lips with his tongue in an effort to speak, but the girl was eating and apparently paid no attention. Her calm indifference convinced him that her words were entirely innocent, and his audacity returned.

"Well," he ventured, "do you agree with this prospector friend?"

"The scenery, you mean?" glancing up brightly. "Why, it is wonderful, of course, and I am not at all sorry having made the journey, altho it hardly compares with Tennessee Pass or Silver Plume. Still, you know, it will be pleasant to tell Mr. Cavendish when I go back that I was here."

He choked and his face seemed to whiten suddenly.

"Mr. Cavendish?" he gasped. "Of New York? Not the one that was killed?"

It was her turn to stare across the table, her eyes wide with horror, which she simulated excellently.

"Killed! Has a man by that name been killed lately in New York? It was Frederick Cavendish I referred to." Her pretense was admirable.

He was silent, realizing he had already said too much; the red had come back into his cheeks, but his hand shook as it rested clinched on the table.

"Tell me," she insisted, "has he been killed? How do you know?"

Her earnestness, her perfect acting, convinced him. It was a mere coincidence, he thought, that this name should have cropped up between them, but, now what it had, he must explain the whole affair so as not to arouse suspicion. He cleared his throat and compelled his eyes to meet those across the table.

"Well, I don't know much about it, only what I read," he began, feeling for words. "But that was the name; I remembered it as soon as you spoke, and that the papers said he had been mining in Colorado before he came into money. He was found dead in his apartments, apparently killed by a burglar who had rifled his safe."

"Is this true? Why have I never heard? When did it happen?"

"It must have been a month ago."

"But how did you learn these particulars? You have been West that length of time."

"I read about it in a New York paper," he answered a trifle sullenly. "It was sent to me."

She sat with her chin in the palm of one hand, watching him from beneath the shadow of lowered lashes, but his eyes were bent downward at his plate.

"Are you thru?" he questioned suddenly.

"Yes; this—awful news has robbed me of all appetite."

Neither had noticed Westcott as he entered the room, but his first glance about revealed their presence, and without an instant of hesitancy the big miner crossed the room and approached the table where the two were sitting.

Beaton, as tho anticipating trouble, arose to his feet, but Westcott merely drew back a vacant chair and seated himself, his eyes ignoring the presence of the man and seeking the uplifted face of the girl questioningly.

"I hope I do not interrupt," he said pleasantly. "I had reason to suppose you were unacquainted with Mr. Beaton here."

"What reason?" her surprised tone slightly indignant.

"I believe the gentleman so informed me. It chanced that we had a slight controversy last night."

"Over me?"

"Over his curiosity regarding you—who you were; your presence here."

She pushed back her chair and stood up.

"A natural curiosity enough, surely. And you felt important enough to rebuke him on my behalf? Is that what I am to understand?"

"Why," he explained, startled by her strange manner, "I informed him that it was none of his business, and that if he mentioned your name in my presence again there was liable to be trouble. We scrapped it out."

"You—you scrapped it out? You mean there was a fight over me—a barroom squabble over me?"

"Not in the barroom; in the hotel office. Beaton drew a gun, and I had to slug him."

"But the affair originated over me—my name was brought into it?" she insisted. "You actually threatened him because he asked about me?"

"I reckon that was about how it started," he admitted slowly. "You see, I rather thought I was a sorter friend of yours, and that I ought to stand up for you."

"Did—did this man say anything against me?"

"No—not exactly; he—he just asked questions."

Her eyes were scornful, angry.

"Indeed! Well, permit me to say, Mr. Westcott, that I choose my own friends, and am perfectly competent to defend my own character. This closes our acquaintanceship."

She moved about the end of the table, and touched Beaton's sleeve with her fingers.

"Would you escort me to the foot of the stairs?" she asked, her voice softening. "We will leave this belligerent individual to his own company."

Neither of them glanced back, the girl still speaking as they disappeared, but Westcott turned in his chair to watch them cross the room. He had no sense of anger, no desire to retaliate, but he felt dazed as tho the whole world was suddenly turned upside down. So she really belonged with that outfit, did she? Well, it was a good joke on him.

The waitress spoke to him twice before he was sufficiently aroused to give his order.

CHAPTER XI.

DEAD OR ALIVE.

BEFORE Westcott finished his meal his mood had changed to tolerant amusement. That the girl had deliberately deceived him was plain enough, revealed now in both her manner and words. What her true purpose might have been in apparently seeking his friendship at first could not now be conjectured—indeed, made little difference—but it was clear enough she really belonged to the Lacy crowd, and had no more use for him.

Westcott was sorry for the turn things had taken; he made no attempt to disguise this from his own mind. He was beginning to like Miss Donovan, to think about her, to feel a distinct interest in her. Some way she had impressed him deeply as a young woman of character and unusual charm—a breath out of the East to arouse his imagination and memory. He had begun to hope for a friendship which would endure, and now—the house of cards fell at a single touch.

He could scarcely comprehend the situation; how a girl of apparent refinement and gentility could ever be attracted by a rough, brutal type such as Ned Beaton so evidently was. Why, the man's lack of taste in dress, the expression of his face, his ungrammatical language, stamped him as belonging to a distinctly lower order.

There surely must be some other cause drawing them together. Yet, whatever it was, there was no doubt but that he had been very properly snubbed. Her words stung; yet it was the manner in which she had looked at him and swept past at Beaton's side which hurt the most. Oh, well, an enemy more or less made small difference in his life; he would laugh at it and forget. She had made her choice of companionship, and it was just as well, probably, that the affair had gone no further before he discovered the sort of girl she really was.

Westcott reached this decision and the outer office at the same time, exchanged a careless word or two with Timmons, and finally purchased a cigar and retired to one corner to peruse an old newspaper. It was not so easy to read, however, for the news failed to interest or keep his mind from wondering widely. Soon he was staring out thru the unwashed window, oblivious to everything but his own thoughts.

Who was this Beaton, and what connection could he have with Bill Lacy's gang? The row last night had revealed a mutual interest between the men, but what was its nature? To Westcott's judgment the burly New Yorker did not resemble an Eastern speculator in mining property; he was far more typical of a Bowery rough—a tool rather than an employer in the commission of crime.

Lacy's purpose he believed he understood to some extent—a claim that it was an extension of the La Rosita vein which Westcott had tapped in his recent discovery. There had been bad blood between them for some time—threats of violence, and rumors of lawsuits. No doubt Lacy would resort to any dirty trick to get him out of the way and gain control of the property. But he had no personal fear of Lacy; not, at least, if he could once get the backing of Cavendish's money. But these other people—Beaton, Miss Donovan, and still another expected to arrive soon from the East—how were they connected with the deal?

How were they involved in the controversy? Had Lacy organized a company and got hold of some money in New York? It might be possible, and yet neither the man nor the woman impressed him as financiers risking fortunes in the exploitation of mines. The problem was unsolvable; the only thing he could do was guard his property and wait until they showed their hand. If he could only hear from Fred Cavendish——

He was so deeply engrossed in these thoughts, the smoked-out cigar substituted by a pipe, that he remained unaware that Timmons had left the office, or that the Chinese man-of-all-work had silently tiptoed down the stairs and was cautiously peering in thru the open doorway to make sure the coast was clear. Assured as to this, the wily Oriental sidled noiselessly across the floor and paused beside him.

"Zis Meester Vest-c-ott?" he asked softly.

The miner looked up at the implacable face in surprise, lowering his feet.

"That's my name, John; what is it?"

The messenger shook a folded paper out of his sleeve, thrust it into the other's hand hastily, and, with a hurried glance about, started to glide away as silently as he had come. Westcott stared at the note, which was unaddressed.

"Sure this is for me, John?"

"Ally same sure—for Meester Vest-c-ott."

He vanished into the dark hall, and there was the faint clatter of his shoes on the stairs.

Westcott, fully aroused, cast his glance about the deserted room, and unfolded the paper which had been left in his fingers. His eyes took in the few penciled words instantly.

> Do not be angry. I had the best of reasons. Meet me near the lower bridge at 3 o'clock. Very important.
>
> S. D.

He read the lines over again, his lips emitting a low whistle, his eyes darkening with sudden appreciation. Slowly he tore the paper into strips, crossed the room, and flung the remnants into the stove. It had been a trick, then, a bit of play-acting! But had it? Was not this rather the real fraud—this sudden change of heart? Perhaps something had occurred to cause the girl to realize that she had made a mistake; to awaken her to a knowledge that a pretense at friendship would serve her cause better than an open break.

This note might have a sinister purpose; be intended to deceive. No! He would not believe this. All his old lurking faith in her came back in a flash of revelation. He would continue to believe in her, trust her, feel that some worthy purpose had influenced her strange action. And, above all, he would be at the lower bridge on the hour set. He was at the desk when Timmons returned.

"What do I owe you, old man?"

He paid the bill jokingly and in the best of humor, careful to tell the proprietor that he was leaving for his mine and might not return for several days. He possessed confidence that Timmons would make no secret of this in Haskell after his departure. He was glad to notice that Beaton observed him as he passed the Good Luck Saloon and went tramping down the dusty road. He never glanced back until he turned into the north trail at the edge of town; there the path dropped suddenly toward the bed of the creek, and he was concealed from view. In the rock shadow he paused, chuckling grimly as he observed the New Yorker cross the street to the hotel, hastening, no doubt, to interview Timmons.

THERE was a crooked trail along the bank of the stream which joined the main road at the west end of the lower bridge. It led up the canyon amid rocks and cedars, causing it to assume a strangely tortuous course, and its lower end was shadowed by overhanging willows. Along this Westcott lingered at the hour set, watchful of the road leading toward Haskell.

The only carriage belonging to the town livery passed soon after his arrival, evidently bound for the station, and from his covert he recognized Beaton lolling carelessly in the back seat. This must maen that the man expected arrivals on the afternoon train, important arrivals whom he desired to honor.

FROM the very first the idea of impersonating a paroled convict and engaging in a battle of wits with a mysterious criminal organization had appealed to me. Ten years in the business had not lessened my boyish love of adventure, or cooled the tingling thrills that came from working my way out of a tight place. Still I was far from the story-book picture of a successful detective. I could not read the history of a man from his discarded cigarette, or deduce the motive for a crime from the color of the victim's necktie, but when it came to getting inside my opponent's guard and taking long chances at close range, I was in my element and I usually won.

So it was with nerves a-tingle with an eager anticipation, that I finally tested the theory that had taken me by the hobo route from the gates of a middle west prison to the water front of Seattle. I had learned everything that a stoolpigeon, well in his confidence, could discover about Sam Derby, the defaulting teller of the Enderly Bank. I had even studied the man I was to double for at close range inside the gloomy prison walls. Finally, I had reached Seattle, and had inserted a "personal" in the Intelligencer.

Now, as I walked down the dark water front street, I felt that my first test was near—for I was being followed.

Under the next street light a slim young man in a floppy cap accosted me.

"Got a match?" he asked.

The game was on at last! I took from my pocket the tiny piece of whittled wood that I had been carrying since I reached Seattle and handed it over. The young man gave it a quick glance and scratched it upon the sole of his shoe.

"It's no good," he grunted.

"Try the other end," I suggested.

He did not follow my suggestion. Instead he dropped the fake match into his pocket, produced a box of safeties and lighted his cigarette. All the while I could see his sharp eyes boring into me.

"You seem to be the man I'm after," he said at last. "Come on."

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There was no sign, however, of Miss Donovan; the time was up, yet with no evidence of her approach.

Westcott waited patiently, arguing to himself that her delay might be caused by her wish to get Beaton well out of the way before she ventured to leave the hotel. At last he strode down the path to the bridge, and saw her leaning over the rail, staring at the ripples below.

"Why," he exclaimed in surprise, "how long have you been here?"

"Several minutes," and she turned to face him. "I waited until the carriage passed before coming onto the bridge. I took the footpath from the hotel."

"Oh, I see—from the other way. I was waiting in the trail below. You saw who was in the carriage?"

"Beaton—yes," quietly. "He expects some friends, and wishes me to meet them—Eastern people, you know."

Her indifference ruffled his temper, aroused his suspicion of purpose.

"You sent for me; there is some explanation, no doubt?"

The lady smiled, lifting her eyes to his face.

"There is," she answered. "A perfectly satisfactory one, I believe; but this place is too prominent, as I have a rather long story to tell. Beaton and his friends will be returning soon."

"There is a rock seat below, just beyond the clump of willows, quite out of sight from the road," he suggested. "Perhaps you would go with me there?"

"What trail is this?"

"It leads to mines up the canyon, my own included, but is not greatly traveled; the main trail is farther east."

She walked to the edge of the bridge, and permitted him to assist her down the steep bank. There was something of reserve about her manner, which prevented Westcott from feeling altogether at ease. In his own mind he began once more to question her purpose, to doubt the sincerity of her intentions. She appeared different from the frankly outspoken girl of the night before. Neither broke the silence between them until they reached the flat bowlder and had found seats in the shelter of overhanging trees. She sat a moment, her eyes on the water, her cheeks shadowed by the wide brim of her hat, and Westcott noted the almost perfect contour of her face silhouetted against the green leaves. She turned toward him questioningly.

"I was very rude," she said, "but you will forgive me when I explain the cause. I had to act as I did or else lose my hold entirely on that man—you understand?"

"I do not need to understand," he answered gallantly. "It is enough that you say so."

"No, it is not enough. I value your friendship, Mr. Westcott, and I need your advice. I find myself confronting a very complicated case under unfamiliar conditions. I hardly know what to do."

"You may feel confidence in me."

"Oh, I do; indeed, you cannot realize how thoroly I trust you," and impulsively she touched his hand with her own. "That is why I wrote you to meet me here—so I could tell you the whole story."

He waited, his eyes on her face.

"I received my letter this morning—the letter I told you I expected, containing my instructions. They—they relate to this man Ned Beaton and the woman he expects on this train."

"Your instructions?" he echoed doubtfully. "You mean you have been sent after these people on some criminal matter? You are a detective?"

There must have been a tone of distrust to his voice, for she turned and faced him defiantly.

"No; not that. Listen: I am a newspaper woman, a special writer on the New York Star." She paused, her cheeks flushing with nervousness. "It—it was very strange that I met you first of all, for—for it seems that the case is of personal interest to you."

"To me! Why, that is hardly likely, if it originated in New York."

"It did"—she drew in a sharp breath—"for it originated in the murder of Frederick Cavendish."

"The murder of Cavendish! He has been killed?"

"Yes; at least that is what every one believes, except possibly one man—his former valet. His body was found lying dead on the floor of his private apartment, the door of his safe open, the money and papers missing. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder on these facts."

"And the murderer?"

"Left no clew; it was believed to be the work of a burglar."

"But when was this?"

She gave the date, and he studied over it.

"The same day he should have received my telegram," he said gravely. "That's why the poor fellow never answered." He turned to her suddenly. "But what became of my others," he asked, "and of all the letters I wrote?"

"That is exactly what I want to learn. They must have been delivered to his cousin, John Cavendish. I'll tell you all I know, and then perhaps, between us, we may be able to figure it out."

Briefly and clearly, she set before him the facts she and Willis had been able to gather; the will, the connection between Enright and John Cavendish, the quarrel between John and Frederick, the visit of John to Enright's office, the suspicion of Valois that the murdered man was not Cavendish, and finally, the conversation overhead in Steinway's, the torn telegram, and the meeting between Celeste La Rue and Enright.

When she had finished, Westcott sat, chin in hand, turning the evidence over in his mind. "Do you believe Frederick Cavendish is dead?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

Westcott struck his hand down on the rock, his eyes glowing dangerously.

"Well, I don't!" he exclaimed. "I believe he is alive! My theory is that this was all carefully arranged, but that circumstances compelled them to act quickly, and before they were entirely ready. Two unexpected occurrences hurried them into action."

She leaned forward, stirred by his earnestness.

"What?"

"The quarrel in the restaurant, leading to the making of the will," he answered gravely, "and my telegram. The two things fit together exactly. He must have received my first message that same night. In my judgment he was glad of some excuse to leave New York and determined to take the first train, West. His quarrel with John, coupled with his disgust of the company he kept, caused him to draw up this will hurriedly. He left the club intending to pack up and take the first train."

"And was killed before he could do so?"

"Possibly; but if that dead man had no scar on his chest, he was not Frederick Cavendish; he was an impostor; some poor victim deliberately subsituted because of his facial resemblance. Tell me, if it was Fred who was murdered, what became of the money he was known to have in his private safe? What became of the original copy of the will he had in his pocket when he left the club?"

She shook her head, convinced that his argument had force.

"I—I do not know."

"Yet these things are true, are they not? No money, no will was found. There is but one reason possible, unless others entered after the murder and stole these things. My belief is that Fred returned to his apartments, took what money he required, packed his valise, and departed without a word to any one. He often did things like that—hastily, on the spur of the moment."

"But what happened afterward?"

"The rest is all theory. I do not know, but I'll make a guess. In some way the conspirators learned what had occurred, but not in time to intercept his departure; yet they had everything ready for action, and realized this was the opportunity. Frederick had disappeared leaving no trace behind; they could attend to him later, intercept him, perhaps—— Wait! Keep still. There comes the carriage from the train."

He drew her back into the denser undergrowth and they looked out thru the leaves to where the road circled in toward the bridge. The hoofbeats of horses alone broke the silence.

CHAPTER XII.

VIEWED FROM BOTH SIDES.

THE team trotted on to the bridge, and then slowed down to a walk. Above the dull reverberation of hoofs the listeners below could hear the sound of voices, and an echo of rather forced laughter. Then the carriage emerged into full view. Beside the driver it contained three passengers—Beaton on the front seat, his face turned backward toward the two behind, a man and a woman. Westcott and Miss Donovan, peering thru the screen of leaves, caught only a swift glimpse of their faces—the man, middle-aged, inclined to stoutness, with an unusually red face, smoking viciously at a cigar; the woman young and decidedly blonde, with stray locks of hair blowing about her face, and a vivacious manner. The carriage rolled on to the smooth road, and the driver touched up the horses with his whip, the lowered back curtain shutting off the view.

The girl seized Westcott's arm while she directed his gaze with her free hand. "Look!" she cried. "The woman is La Rue. And the man—the man is Enright! He is the lawyer I told you of, the one whose hand is not clear in this affair. And he is here!"

"Good!" Westcott exclaimed. "I'm glad they're both here. It means that there will be more to observe, and it means that there will be action—and that, too, quick! They are out here for a definite purpose which must soon be disclosed. And, Miss Donovan, I may be a little rock-worn and a little bit out of style, but I think their presence here has something to do with whereabouts of Fred Cavendish."

The girl looked straight into his honest, clear eyes. His remark opened a vast field for speculation. "You think he is alive then?" she said earnestly. "It is an interesting hypothesis. Perhaps—perhaps he may be in this neighborhood, even. And that," she added, her Irish eyes alight, "would be more interesting still."

"I hadn't finished my argument when that carriage appeared," Westcott answered. "Do you remember? Well, that might be the answer. Beaton has been in this neighborhood ever since about the time of that murder in New York. Nobody knows what his business is, but he is hand-in-glove with Bill Lacy and his gang. Lacy, besides running a saloon, pretends to be a mining speculator, but it is my opinion there is nothing he wouldn't do for money, if he considered the game safe. And now, with everything quiet in the East, and no thought that there is any suspicion remaining, Beaton sends for the woman to join him here. Why? Because there is some job to be done too big for him to tackle alone. He's merely a gunman; he can do the strong-arm stuff, all right, but lacks brains. There is a problem out here requiring a little intellect; and it is how to dispose of Cavendish until they can get away safely with the swag."

"Exactly! That would be a stake worth playing for."

"It certainly would; and, as I figure it out, that is their game. John Cavendish is merely the catspaw. Right now there is nothing for them to do but wait until the boy gets full possession of the property; then they'll put the screws on him good and proper. Meantime Frederick must be kept out of sight—must remain dead."

"I wonder how this was ever planned out—if it be true?"

"It must have originated in some cunning criminal brain," he admitted thoughtfully. "Not Beaton's, surely; and, while she is probably much brighter, I am inclined to think the girl is merely acting under orders. There is somebody connected with this scheme higher up—a master criminal."

Miss Donovan was no fool; newspaper work had taught her to suspect men of intellect, and that nothing, however wicked, low or depraved, was beyond them.

"Enright!" she said definitely. "Obviously now. I've thought so from the first. But always he worked so carefully, so guardedly, that sometimes I have doubted. But now I say without qualifications—Enright, smooth Mr. Enright, late of New York."

"That's my bet," Westcott agreed, his hand on her shoulder, forgetful of his intense earnestness. "Enright is the only one who could do it, and he has schemed so as to get John into a hole where he dare not emit a sound, no matter what they do to him. Do you see? If the boy breathes a suspicion he'll be indicted for murder. If they can only succeed in keeping Frederick safely out of sight until after the court awards the property to his heir, they can milk John at their leisure. It's a lawyer's graft, all right."

"Then Frederick may be confined not far away?"

"Likely enough; it's wild country. There are a hundred places within fifty miles where he might be hidden away for years. That is the job which was given to Beaton; he had the dirty work to perform, while the girl took care of John. I do not know how he did it—knockout drops, possibly, in a glass of beer; the blow of a fist on a train platform at night; a ride into the desert to look at some thing of interest—there are plenty of ways in which it could be quietly done by a man of Mr. Beaton's expert experience."

"Yes, but he does not know this country—if it was only New York, now."

"But Bill Lacy does, and these fellows are well acquainted—friends, apparently. Lacy and I are at daggers' points over a mining claim, and he believes my only chance is thru the use of money advanced by Fred Cavendish. He'd ride thru hell to lick me. Why, look here, Miss Donovan, when Bill Lacky had me stuck up against the wall last night at the hotel with a gun at my head, he lost his temper and began to taunt me about not getting any reply from my telegrams and letters. How did he know about them? Beaton must have told him. There's the answer; those fellows are in cahoots, and if Fred is actually alive, Bill Lacy knows where he is, and all about it."

She did not answer. Westcott's theory of the situation, his quick decision that Frederick Cavendish still lived, completely overturned her earlier conviction. Yet his argument did not seem

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unfair or his conclusion impossible. Her newspaper experience had made her aware that there is nothing in this world so strange as truth, and nothing so unusual as to be beyond the domain of crime.

"What do you think?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I do not know; it all grows less comprehensible every moment. But whatever is true I cannot see that anything remains for us to do, but wait and watch the actions of these people; they are certain to betray themselves. We have been here together now longer than than we should, and I must return to the hotel."

"You expect Beaton to seek you?"

She smiled.

"He appeared very devoted, quite deeply interested; I hope it continues."

"So do I, now that I understand," earnestly. "Altho, I confess your intimacy was a shock to me this noon. Well, I am going to busy myself also and take a scouting trip to La Rosita."

"Is that Lacy's mine?"

"Yes; up the gulch here about two miles. I may pick up some information worth having. I am to see you again—alone?"

"We must have some means of communication; have you any suggestion?"

"Yes, but we'll take for our motto, 'Safety first.' We mustn't be seen together, or suspected in any way of being friends. The livery-stable keeper has a boy about 12, who is quite devoted to me; a bright, trustworthy little fellow. He is about the hotel a good deal, and will bring me word from you any time. You need have no fear that I shall fail to respond to any message you send."

"I shall not doubt." She held out her hand frankly. "You believe in me now, Mr. Westcott?"

"Absolutely; indeed, I think I always have. That other thing hurt, yet I kept saying to myself, 'She had some good reason.'"

"Always think so, please, no matter what happens. I was nearly wild until I got the note to you; I was so afraid you would leave the hotel. We must trust each other."

He stood before her, his hat in hand, a strong, robust figure, his bronzed face clearly revealed; the sunlight making manifest the gray hair about his temples. To Miss Donovan she seemed all man, instinct with character and purpose, a virile type of the out-of-doors.

"To the death," and his lips and eyes smiled. "I believe in you utterly."

"Thank you. Good-by."

HE WATCHED her climb the bank and emerge upon the bridge. He still stood there, bareheaded, when she turned and smiled back at him, waving her hand. Then the slender figure vanished, and he was left alone. A moment later, Westcott was striding up the trail, intent upon a plan to entrap Lacy.

They would have felt less confident in the future could they have overheard a conversation being carried on in a room of the Timmons House. It was Miss La Rue's apartments, possessing two windows, but furnished in a style so primitive as to cause that fastidious young lady to burst into laughter when she first entered and gazed about. Both her companions followed her, laden with luggage, and Beaton, sensing instantly what had thus affected her humor, dropped his bag on the floor.

"It's the best there is here," he protested. "Timmons has held it for you three days."

"Oh, I think it is too funny, Ned," she exclaimed, staring around, and then flinging her wraps on the bed. Look at that mirror, will you, and those cracks in the wall? Say, do I actually have to wash in that tin basin? Lord! I didn't suppose there was such a place in the world. Why, if this is the prize, what kind of a room have you got?"

"Tough enough," he muttered gloomily, "but you was so close with your money I had to sing low. What was the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Sweetie wouldn't produce, or couldn't, rather. He hasn't got his hands on much of the stuff yet. Enright coughed up the expense money, or most of it. I made John borrow some, but I needed that myself."

"Well, d—n little got out here, and Lacy pumped the most of that out of me. However, if you feel like kicking about this room, you ought to see some of the others—mine for instance, or the one Timmons put that other woman in."

"Oh, yes," she said, finding a seat and staring at him. "That reminds me. Did you say there was a girl here from New York? Never mind quarreling about the room, I'll endure it all right; it makes me think of old times," and she laughed mirthlessly. "Sit down, Mr. Enright, and let's talk. How's the door, Ned?"

He opened it and glanced out into the hall, throwing the bolt as he came back.

"All right, Celeste, but I wouldn't talk quite so loud; the partitions are not very tight."

"No objections to a cigarette, I suppose," and she produced a case. "Thanks; now I feel better—certainly, light up. Well, Ned, the first thing I want to know is, who is this other New York skirt, and how did she happen to blow in here just at this time?"

Beaton completed the lighting of his cigar, flinging the match carelessly out of the window.

"Oh, she's all right," he said easily. "Just an innocent kid writer for a magazine who's trying to make good writing about the beautiful scenery around here. I was a bit suspicious of her at first myself, but picked her up this morning an' we had quite a talk. Mighty pretty little girl.

Miss La Rue elevated her eyebrows, watchfully regarding him thru smoke wreaths.

"Oh, cut it, Ned," she exclaimed curtly. "We all know you are a perfect devil with the women. The poor thing is in love with you, no doubt, but that doesn't answer my question, who is she?"

"Her name is Donovan."

"That sounds promising; what do you make it, shanty Irish?"

"I should say not," warmly. "She's a lady, all right. Oh, I know 'em if I don't meet many of that kind. We got chummy enough, so she told me all about herself—her father's a big contractor and has money to burn."

"Did you ever hear the beat of that, Enright? Neddy is about to feather his nest. Well, go on."

"That's about all, I guess, only she ain't nothin' you need be afraid of."

"Sure not, with a watchdog like you on guard. But if you ask me, I don't like the idea of her happening in here just at this time. This is no place for an innocent child," and she looked about, her lip curling. "Lord, I should say not. Do you happen to remember any New York contractor by that name, Mr. Enright?"

The rotund lawyer, his feet elevated on the window-sill, a cigar between his lips, shook his head in emphatic dissent.

"Not lately; there was a Tim Donovan who had a pull in the subway excavation—he was a Tammany man—but he died, and was never married. There may have been others, of course, but I had tab on most of them. Did she mention his name, Beaton?"

"No; anyhow, I don't remember."

"What's the girl look like?"

"Rather slender, with brown hair, sorter coppery in the sun, and gray eyes that grow dark when she's interested. About 23 or 24, I should say. She's a good looker, all right; and not a bit stuck up."

"Did you get her full name?"

"Sure; it's on the register—Stella Donovan."

Enright lowered his feet to the floor, a puzzled look on his face, his teeth clinched on his cigar.

"Hold on a bit till I think," he muttered. "That sounds mighty familiar—Stella Donovan! My God, I've heard that name before somewhere; ah, I have it—she's on the New York Star. I've seen her name signed to articles in the Sunday edition." He wheeled and faced Miss La Rue. Do you remember them?"

"No; I never see the Star."

"Well, I do, and sometimes she's d—n clever. I'll bet she's the girl."

"A New York newspaper woman; well, what do you suppose she is doing out here? After us?"

Enright had a grip on himself again and slowly relit his cigar, leaning back, and staring out the window. His mind gripped the situation coldly.

"Well, we'd best be careful," he said slowly. "Probably it's merely a coincidence, but I don't like her lying to Beaton. That don't look just right. Yet the Star can't have anything on us; the case is closed in New York; forgotten and buried nearly a months ago. Even my partner don't know where I am."

"I had to show John the telegram in order to get some money."

"You can gamble he won't say anything—there's no one else?"

"No; this game ain't the kind you talk about."

"You'd be a fool to trust anybody. So, if there's no leak we don't need to be afraid of her, only don't let anything slip. We'll lay quiet and try the young lady out. Beaton here can give her an introduction to Miss La Rue, and the rest is easy. What do you say, Celeste?"

"Oh, I'll get her goat; you boys trot on now while I tog up a little for dinner; when is it, 6 o'clock?"

"Yes," answered Beaton, still somewhat dazed by this revealment of Miss Donovan's actual identity. "But don't try to put on too much dog out here, Celeste; it ain't the style."

She laughed.

"The simple life, eh! What does your latest charmer wear—a skirt and a shirtwaist?"

(Continued on Page 15.)

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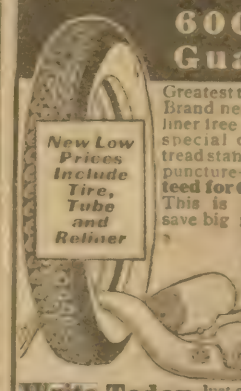

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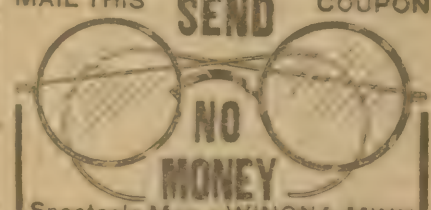

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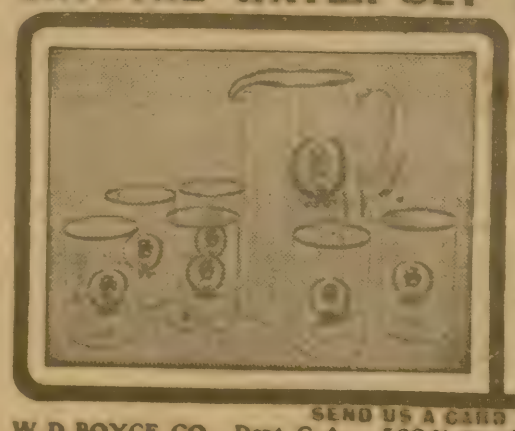

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Three Gentlemen Out on Yacht Have Strange Adventures With

The Pirate Woman

By Captain A. E. Dingle

Part One Condensed for New Readers

RED JABEZ, notorious pirate of the Caribbean Sea and southern Atlantic waters, having died after his long rule over a band of outlaws who had set up their village on an island off Jamaica, seldom visited by ocean ships or smaller coasting craft,

DOLORES, his beautiful daughter, reared in ignorance of the outside world, became queen (or Sultana) of the thieving and bloodthirsty gang, composed of negroes, Spaniards, Britons — in other words, blacks, whites, creoles, octoroons and mulattoes. Red Jabez, the old corsair, had made his land abode in a natural cavern known as the Cave of Terrible Things, where Dolores or other villagers had never been permitted to enter, save

MILO, a herculean Abyssinnian slave, who acted as guardian of the great rock that served as door to the pirate chief's sumptuously furnished retreat, where were hoarded priceless jewels, tapestries and works of art that would make a modern Crœsus stare—the loot of many ships that his men had attacked during over forty years of relentless piracy.

YELLOW RUFE, learning of the death of Red Jabez, immediately started a mutiny of the villagers, with the object of getting possession of the vast stores of valuables concealed in the Cave of Terrible Things. Tne mutiny failed, however, due to the almost superhuman defense put up by Milo, the gigantic Abyssinnian, assisted by Dolores, whose skilful handling of swords and other weapons had long been held in terror by the pirates, among whom she had lived and associated with as a superior whose will must be obeyed.

Dolores having been crowned queen of the pirates, a grand feast was promised to all who would swear allegiance to her rule. The pact was accepted on behalf of the majority, by an outlaw known as Spotted Dog, seconded by Sancho the One-eyed and Caliban the Butcher, the latter a hunchback.

A beautiful schooner yacht appeared in the offing, where it was becalmed. Evidently the superb craft was a private one, as there were a number of aristocratic white men aboard, very likely the guests of some American or South American millionaire. "Good picking," thought the pirates, but their queen had a very different object in capturing the costly little ship—with it she could sail away to the beautiful lands of which she had heard, had dreamed, but never had seen.

PASCHERETTE, a pretty octoroon slave girl of coquettish manners, was commanded to swim out to the schooner, attired in scant bathing suit and magnificent pearls, to act as a lure that would bring the strangers ashore, to behold the wonderful queen whose wealth and beauty she said, surpassed anything they had ever known in their own domains.

This story began in No. 22, the Ledger for May 28. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE schooner yacht Feu Follet swam sluggishly alongshore, her lofty canvas flapping in the faint air. On her spotless quarterdeck Rupert Venner, wealthy idler and owner of the vessel, lounged in a deck-chair a picture of utter finality of boredom. His guests, Craik Tomlin and John Pearse, made perfunctory pretense of admiring the lovely coast scenery along the port hand; but their air was that of men surfeited with sights, tired of the languorous calm, blase of life.

The schooner's appointments typified money, in abundance. From forecastle capstan to binnacle she glowed and glittered with massive brass and ornate gilding; along the waist six burnished bronze cannon stood on heavily carved carriages, lashings and breechings as white as a shark's tooth; over the quarterdeck double awnings gave ample clearance to the swing of the main-boom—the outer of dazzling white canvas, the inner of richest striped silk-and-cotton mixture. The open doors of the deck-house companion revealed an interior of ivory paneling touched with gold, and hung with heavy velvet punkahs. The walls were embellished with exactly the right number of art gems to establish the artistic perception of the owner and to whet the expectation for more yet unseen. But with all this the Feu Follet housed a discontented master and discontented guests.

"Oh, for a breeze!" grumbled Pearse, breaking in on the frowning silence. "How much longer are we to drift around these stagnant seas, Venner?"

"The very next slant of wind shall wing us homeward," replied Venner, dreamily. "I, too, am sick of the cruise and its deadly monotony."

Again silence, marred only by creak of gear and flap of idle sails. The schooner barely moved now, tho the western sky held promise of a breeze later on. Then came a cry from one of the negro crew forward, and its tenor stirred the party into mild interest.

"De bebbil! Ef 't ain't one o' dem marmaids! Oh, Cæsar!"

A ripple of panting laughter alongside brought Venner and his guests to the rail in haste, and gone to the windless heavens was their ennui. A gleaming, gold-tinted creature, a miniature model of Aphrodite surely, arose from the blue sea and climbed nimbly into the main-channels and thence to the deck, where little pools of water dripped from the radiant figure. She shook her small head saucily, and heavy masses of raven-wing hair tumbled about her, provokingly cloaking the charms so boldly outlined by her single saturated tunic of fine silk.

"Who in Paradise may you be?" ejaculated Venner, while his friends stared with unconscious rudeness.

"I? I am Pascherette!" laughed the small vision, and her black eyes sparkled impudently.

"Pascherette!" echoed Tomlin, bewildered. "Does Jamaica hold such beauties?" He awkwardly brought forward a deck-chair, while Pearse stood by in speechless amazement. Venner, as better became the host, ordered a steward to bring a wrap for the astounding visitor, but the girl laughed provokingly and declined both.

"It is not for as I, fine gentlemen," she said, and her sharp eyes were roving busily about the schooner, appraising values like a veritable pirate. "Keep thy courtesies for better than I."

"Better than you, girl?" Venner's tone was incredulous. He was taking mental stock of the priceless pearls about Pascherette's dainty throat. "To be found here?"

"If not here, where shall you find such a one as my mistress?" Pascherette retorted saucily.

"Your mistress?"

"Without doubt. I am but a slave, my lady is the Queen, Dolores."

"A Queen? A white woman?" stammered Venner.

"Oh, Venner, let us look into this!" exclaimed Pearse with unconcealed curiosity.

"Just what we have prayed for!" Tomlin supplemented, eagerly. "Anchor, Venner, like a good fellow. A jaunt ashore will brace us all up."

"Nonsense!" objected the owner, albeit with a good trace of inquisitiveness himself. "The breeze will come by evening; and who knows what this coast harbors? A bad name sticks to this island."

Pascherette had wandered forward, and between sly glances aft and keen scrutiny shoreward she flung seductive smiles broadcast at the grinning crew, prattling prettily to officer and the man alike as if she were indeed a stranger to the ways of shipboard. While she made her rounds, the party aft entered into a warm dispute; their curiosity was whetted, but not sufficiently in Venner's case, to whom the safety of the yacht was paramount just then. They wrangled for half an hour, and the schooner drifted on, until she was within a mile or so of the out-flung false point. Then they were again startled out of their self-possession, this time by a cry from the girl who leaned over the bulkwarks a picture of ardent admiration for something in the water.

Double awnings and snowy hammock-cloths restricted the view shoreward from the quarterdeck chairs, and surprise as deep as that which greeted the girl surged thru the disputing three at a great splashing over the side accompanied by the boom of a voice that must come from a vast and free-breathing chest.

"Room for Milo, servant of Dolores!" the hail rang out, and by the same means as Pascherette had used up climbed Milo, to stand motionless before the white men, an astounding and awe-inspiring shape.

"Welcome, Sirs," She Smiled, and Stepped Down to Offer Each a Hand in Turn.

"Another slave of the mysterious Queen?" demanded Venner, when recovered from his astonishment. "It gets interesting, gentlemen. And what is your errand, Goliath?" he inquired of Milo.

"I know no Goliath. I am Milo. I come to summon you all to the presence of my Queen," returned the giant with as much unconcern as if he were inviting the pirates to a barbecue.

A titter of amusement passed over the three yachtsmen. It was tinged with resentment, tho, and only curiosity aroused by shock upon shock prevented an angry rejoinder to Milo's speech that could only have ended one way in the physical damage of three idle gentlemen of wealth and pleasure.

"A summons, hey?" scoffed Tomlin. "Your Queen values her rank, I think."

A dangerous gleam crept into Milo's eyes, and Pearse detected it in time. "Venner," he said, quietly, "you cannot let this adventure pass. Here's every element of sport held up to us. Let us obey this command, and get at least a thrill out of this humdrum cruise."

Venner was thinking of many things, and his mind needed little making up. He had never lost sight of those pearls of Pascherette's; his eye could not be deceived; they were priceless. And Pearse had not failed to notice the green jade skull-charm that depended from Milo's columnar neck, a jade skull with pearls for teeth, like the altar brooch of Dolores. And Tomlin, for all his expressed scorn, was tingling with ardent desire for such piquant beauty and vivacity as Pascherette's. If such a creature were the slave, then what could the mistress be? He assumed a more complaisant attitude, and added his voice. "A good way of passing away this odious calm spell, Venner. Let us go, I say."

"Where is this great Queen, my Colossus?" Venner asked.

"I will lead you to her presence," replied Milo. "Your boat will take us there in a few moments. Further on, beyond that point, the ship may lie safely in the haven."

Venner called his sailing-master, and together they examined the chart. It showed a sand bar stretching off the Point, but a deep water channel, narrow, but accessible, close to it.

"You can work into that anchorage?" asked Venner.

"Yes, sir, if the air don't die altogether. It seems good ground, by the chart."

Then carry the schooner in, and bring-up. Call away my cutter and"—in an undertone—"keep a good watch,

Peters, this is an evil coast, I warn you."

The shrill pipes reverberated under the awnings, and sailors neat and trim in white uniforms that contrasted beautifully with their dark skins ran to man the graceful white cutter. Pascherette sat in the stern-sheets, cuddled up like a pretty kitten on a crimson silk cushion, and Milo stood erect, as firm as if on solid ground, between passengers and rowers as the boat sped shoreward. As the two craft separated, the schooner stood out in veritable beauty, an exquisite thing of gold and ivory, pearl and rose. Venner's eyes lighted with pride at sight of her. Even a long, eventless cruise had not killed the artist in him. He touched Milo softly on the thigh, and said with a smile:

"Has your Queen anything like that, my friend?"

Milo cast a disdainful glance at the yacht, abruptly turned away again, and replied shortly: "That is nothing."

"Nothing! Then where have you seen daintier work of men's hands and brain?"

"You shall see. Your ship is a pretty thing."

"Now, by Heaven, Venner, he has you there!" laughed Tomlin, never ceasing for a moment from ogling Pascherette, who purred with contentment and smiled slyly at the frown that came to Milo's face.

"Oh, yes, a poor thing," laughed Pascherette, hugging her knees and rippling over with amusement. "My mistress is a great Queen. These"—touching her pearls—"thy rigging could be formed of such, if my Queen willed."

"And in the house of such a great Queen, my girl, are doubtless other things of beauty and worth?" put in Venner, with growing sarcasm.

"As witness this pretty wench!" smiled Tomlin, striving to fix the girl's capricious attention, which persisted in flying over to Milo.

"Patience," returned Milo, "Do you know of anything of untold worth?—my Queen has that which will buy it. Have you seen a thing of peerless beauty?—in my Queen's house are many of its peers. Patience."

No word more would the giant utter. Like a bronze statue he stood erect guiding the cutter to a landing place with a silent gesture. And as the boat swept alongside, and the yachtsmen began to experience the thrill of near expectancy, Pearse caught sight of a knot of men loitering on the nearby slopes, and their appearance startled him.

"Good Lord, look at those piratical ruffians!" he cried.

His companions started, and doubt came into their faces. Then Pascherette arose from her seat, and pressed near to Tomlin with an insinuating, caressing movement, and that ardent gentleman exclaimed impatiently: "Oh, never mind their looks! Come on Venner. This is what I've dreamed of all my life! Come on."

Milo touched Pearse's arm, said briefly, "Come!" and that reluctant visitor stepped ashore; while Venner, after a little twinge of misgiving, succumbed to his curiosity regarding the hidden glories of this strange realm, and followed readily enough.

Up the cliff they followed Milo, Pascherette running ahead and looking backward ever and again with a seductive gesture of invitation; and in good time they stood before the Council Hall, the loitering pirates staring at them wonderingly, and from them to the graceful white schooner just then entering the narrow channel.

"Enter!" said Milo, and stood aside at the open door.

The interior was dark, and awfully still, and the three white men paused on the threshold doubtfully, regarding each other with half-ashamed faces.

"Enter!" reiterated Milo, and curiosity got the better of them, for a swirl of fragrance eddied out to them, and, one by one, until the hall was dotted with them, ruby amber lights twinkled before them, seeming to beckon them on.

"Neck or nothing!" muttered Venner, leading the way. His friends followed in silence. Then the doors closed behind them; but fear, doubt, unbelief, all went to the winds at the spectacle that slowly unfolded itself before their gaze.

"Cleopatra reincarnated, by gad!" gasped Venner. His friends could find no words to express their sensations in that moment.

Dolores glided out from the heavy hangings behind her chair of state, and stood, a vision of majestic loveliness, on the dais. Clad in her short tunic, her hair bound to her brow by the gold circlet that Milo had made, she had calculated effects with the art of a Circe. Her rounded arms and bare shoulders, faultless throat and swelling bosom, radiant enough in their own fair perfection, she had embellished with such jewels as subtly served to accentuate even that perfection. Upon one polished forearm a bracelet was pressed, a gaud formed from one immense emerald cut in a fashion that forced one to doubt the existence of such a cutter in mortal form. About her neck a rope of exquisitely matched black pearls supported a single uncut emerald which might have been born in the same matrix with that on her arm. Her red leather sandals were fastened, and her ankles criss-crossed, with such bands of glittering fire as a goddess might have stolen from the Belt of Orion.

These things were revealed gradually, by cunningly manipulated light effects, until Dolores blazed out entire before her stupefied guests. They, seeking for relief from the spell, sought in her face some answer to the riddle; but her expression was that of a being apart; tantalizing, inscrutably indifferent to their presence. Then Milo advanced, prostrated himself before her, and reported his errand done. "Rise, Milo, and I thank thee," she said, and her soft yet vibrant voice sent a thrill thru he waiting guests. Dolores waved a hand toward the door. "Send Sancho in to me at once, Milo, and do you watch for the return of my wolves."

The giant went out; yet the calm face of Dolores gave no relief to the three yachtsmen; uneasiness began to sit heavily upon them, and it was not lessened by the entry of Sancho, for such an impersonation of evil in one man they had never seen before.

"Sancho," Dolores commanded him, "It is my will that the vessel now entering the haven be cared for as mine. See to it."

"The lads are hungry, lady, it is long since they tasted such——" Sancho snarled his protest with wickedly curling lips that revealed ragged yellow fangs. Dolores stared him down with blazing eyes, held his gaze for a breath, and uttered: "Go! See to it. Thy life is the bond," and Sancho slunk out like a whipped cur.

THERE was an uncanny hint of dynamic force in the girl's swift exertion of authority, and Tomlin found his throat very dry despite the fact that he was drinking greedily of her beauty. Venner stole a look at Pearse, and saw in that gentleman a reflection of his own rising uneasiness. And then, at that instant of shivery doubt, Dolores smiled at them; and in that same instant three men with immortal souls forgot everything of the world and affairs in the mad intoxication of her charm.

"Welcome, sirs," she smiled, and stepped down to offer each a hand in turn; not in handshake, but with an air that said plainly homage was due to her; and whether they would or not each of her guests raised the hand to his lips with reverence.

"What is your pleasure, lady?" asked Venner, quietly. He was resolved to show his friends the way into this magnificent creature's intimate confidence; and the resolution promised interesting developments, for each of his friends nursed a similar one. There was, even now, less of comradeship in the looks with which the friends regarded each other. If Dolores detected this, she made no sign. She gave a hand to Venner, led him to the door, and smiled invitation to the others. They followed hungrily.

"I will give you food and wine," she said, "then I have much to say to you. I have commanded that your ship and your men be cared for; tonight you are my guests. Come."

They stepped outside into the glaring sunlight; a light breeze was now singing in the tall palms and making silvery music of the wavelets along the shore; far away to the southwest a sliver of sail was in sight, and to a practiced eye could be made out as the pirate sloop returning. Dolores glanced swiftly around, seeking some evidence that her commands to Sancho were being obeyed; but she saw no man—no figure save the ancient crone she had discarded and sent to the drudgery of the kitchen. With a keen sidelong glance she saw that the schooner was heavily grounded on the Point; a second glance told her that her guests were thinking little of the schooner, for their eyes never left her face. But notice was forced upon them, and the reason for the camp's desertion impressed upon her, by the weird, drawn-out scream of jubilation that issued from the old woman's withered throat an instant before her old eyes gave her sight of her mistress and froze the cry at her lips.

"Ha—ha—ha!" she shrieked, waving skinny arms. "That's the way Red Jabez taught his lambs! Flesh your blade, my bully Rufe, and bring me some of the meat!"

Abruptly Dolores' guests swung around to follow the direction of the old woman's arm, and the girl darted a look of fury at the scene. Out from the Point poured Yellow Rufe and a horde of strange mulattos and blacks, and shots crackled from the schooner's rails. On the little bay two boats filled with Sancho and his men pulled frantically toward the fight, and the haven rang with howls of gleeful anticipation. Venner uttered a smoking oath, and clutched Tomlin and Pearse by the arms.

"Come fellows!" he cried. "This is treachery!"

"Treachery? You wrong me, sirs!" Dolores' soft voice halted them. They stared at her, and she gave them back look for look until she saw the blood surge back to their faces, and their eyes lose their hardness. Then she laughed, low and sweet, and waved them back.

"Wait. I shall preserve your ship, and give you back an eye for an eye if your

(Continued on Page 20.)

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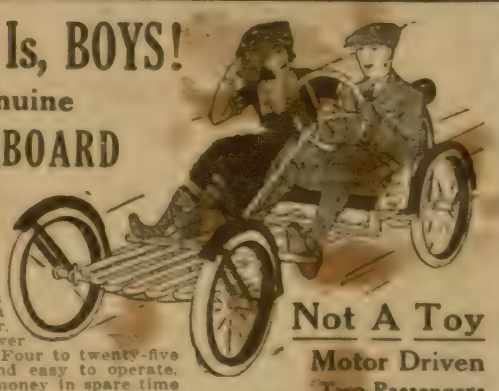

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The Game at Goulet's

(Continued From Page 6)

to the middle class, and the middle class returned the compliment. Mr. Billington's mouth watered at the mere sight of it; he thought eagerly, of the tasty meal he would enjoy.

At the corner Wylie Warwick pulled him by the sleeve. "Just a minute," he commanded, "until I acquaint you with the de-tails of the thing." For some three minutes they held their heads together. Finally, however, Mr. Warwick drew away.

"You understand?" asked Warwick.

"I understand," assented Billington. Without another word the two separated, and Mr. Wylie Warwick disappeared. Mr. Billington strolled toward the restaurant after the fashion of a man who has nothing better to do, and sauntered in.

There were but few unoccupied tables. Billington selected one of these, far down toward the rear. He drew off his gloves, hung up his hat and cane, sat down and started in to give his order. It is due to him to say that he ordered almost everything in sight. The waitress brought it to him.

For ten minutes he did not allow himself even a breathing space. At the end of that time he drew a sharp breath inward, and chuckled—positively chuckled—with delight.

"If this," he remarked softly to himself, "is a Wylie Warwick, a Wylie Warwick is a good thing, and no mistake."

When he had nearly finished a man entered and seated himself just opposite to Billington. Billington glared at him with the air of one who was indignant that such a shabby genteel specimen should choose that particular table. The man who faced him was a medium-sized man of middle age; rather gray in appearance, his clothes a bit seedy and unkempt. The order which this man gave to the waitress was quite in keeping with his appearance.

"Coffee and ham sandwich," he directed, "milk on the side."

The girl brought it. The medium-sized, gray man, ate and drank with a relish, but slowly, nevertheless, as one who would make it last as long as possible.

Mr. Billington finished his roast beef and drank his bottled ale, and smiled, and thanked his stars that his meal was not as the meal of his vis-a-vis. In due time the waitress brought Mr. Billington his check. She had already laid upon the table the check of the small, gray man—his check was for ten cents. Mr. Billington's was for $3.65.

It was just at this juncture that Mr. Billington became cautiously active. At a time when no one was looking, he leaned over and seized the ten-cent check of the small, gray man, and deposited his own large check, face downward, in its place. Then he rose, drew on his gloves, seized his cane, donned his silk hat and sauntered down the aisle.

The cashier's desk was in a little alcove. This alcove he entered, and passed to the cashier a ten-cent check and a ten-cent piece. This ten-cent piece he had borrowed of Mr. Wylie Warwick some time before. The cashier, after her usual wont, smiled upon him—he smiled genially upon her. Then he strode in a dignified manner thru the doorway and into the street beyond. Once in the street, he turned the first corner that he came to—and disappeared.

The shabby, genteel man, who had been left at the table, slowly finished his ham sandwich, finished his coffee, brushed away the crumbs, seized his hat, and then picked up his check.

"Jehoshaphat," he audibly exclaimed, "what in thunder is this?" He called the waitress. "Look here, girl," he went on, "you've given me a check for three dollars and sixty-five cents when all I had was coffee and a sandwich. Look at the check you gave me. Look."

The girl looked at the check. Then she looked at the shabby-genteel man; then at the plate and cup and saucer on which had reposed the abbreviated meal that he had eaten. Then she gasped.

"That great, big, stylish stiff," she exclaimed hysterically, "has done us up for fair." She hastened to the cashier's desk and explained the situation; the cashier became excited; the head waiter became still more excited; he rushed back to the table. The shabby-genteel man explained the situation on his part, and volubly protested. One or two men ran into the street to apprehend the delinquent Mr. Billington, but with small success. The head waiter frowned.

"Well, anyway," he remarked to the waitress, "this gentleman has a right to have a check for only ten cents. You've got a right to give it to him. He's all right, at least."

THE shabby-genteel man obtained a ten-cent check, buttoned up his coat, adjusted his slouch hat more firmly on his head; paid the cashier his ten cents, and left. It was all over and Bamberger's Cosmopolitan had been done to the tune of three dollars more or less, according to Bamberger's profit on a good square meal.

The shabby-genteel man also turned the first corner, steamed rapidly up one block and down another, glanced over his shoulder now and then to see that he was not followed—and finally, as though by accident, brought up before a well-dressed man, wearing a high silk hat. He plucked the well-dressed man by the sleeve.

"Well," said he, with a grin, "how did you enjoy your dinner, Mr. Billington?" Billington smiled the smile of a man at peace with all the world. He placed one hand upon his stomach.

"It was the best ten-cent meal," he remarked, still smiling, "that I ever had." He paused. "But," he continued, solicitously, "now, where do you come in?"

Mr. Wylie Warwick—for it was he—nodded. "I come in all right," he answered, "at the next place."

He looked doubtfully at Billington. "Perhaps," he went on, "if I'm going to order a big meal on a bluff, perhaps I ought to look the part. I ought to be togged out. At least that's about the way it seems to me."

Mr. Billington understood. "Don't say a word," he commanded, "but follow me." He led the way down a narrow alley, doffed his hat and coat and handed them to Warwick. The exchange was soon effected. Two minutes later Mr. Warwick emerged from the alley, looking quite as distinguished in his way as Mr. Billington had looked before. Mr. Billington, however, now looked shabbier, if anything, than Mr. Warwick had.

"Where now?" inquired Billington.

"Now," answered Warwick, "we'll go up to Mike Gooley's on the Circle."

"Mike Gooley's," mused Billington, "never heard of it."

"Never heard of it?" echoed Warwick, in a tone which implied that he who knew not Mike Gooley must indeed argue himself unknown.

"Mike Gooley," repeated Billington, intending to be somewhat facetious, "I'll wager he's a Frenchman, by his name."

Unconsciously he spoke the truth. Mike Gooley was a Frenchman. Not those who heard his name came to that conclusion—but those who saw it written, or heard it spelt. And Mr. Warwick now brought Mr. Billington to a realization of this state of affairs, for he pointed to a sign across the way. And the sign read:

THE MANHATTAN BURROW.
Michele Goulet, Prop.

The Manhattan Burrow of Michele Goulet's was an exaggerated edition of Old Tom's in Thames street—now extinct, but once the delight of all the Wall street crowd. Old Tom had been, however, small and dingy. The Burrow was spacious in an unusual degree; but it had the same old mahogany tables, the same unwieldy loaves of bread, the same sawdust on the floor. It was very noisy, very free and easy, very European, very English, very American—and very expensive. Everybody knew this place—everybody but Billington, perhaps, and everybody who could afford it, liked it. And it was whispered about town continually, that you could get anything of any kind to eat or drink at any time of day or night or month or year, at Michele Goulet's.

Goulet himself was always much in evidence—a large man with a black beard, and sleepy eyes; seated at the cashier's desk; a slow-moving humorous body, but with a word on his tongue for this customer and for that.

Mr. Wylie Warwick entered Michele Goulet's, he and the high hat, the frock coat, the kid gloves and the cane. Goulet, uncertain as to which of the New York millionaires the newcomer might be, smiled genially and nodded.

Goulet's place was crowded fairy well. But Warwick found a favorable nook in which to sit and eat. A waiter approached him with a bland smile and a printed bill of fare.

"Anything special today?" inquired Warwick. The waiter smiled again, still more blandly, and produced a small bill of fare written in pen and ink.

"Monsieur," said the waiter, "we have everything—today."

Mr. Warwick glanced over the written sheet of paper and his soul rejoiced.

"This is something like," he told himself, "something like indeed." He checked some half dozen dishes with his pencil.

"After the soup and the fish, waiter," he announced, "suppose you bring me some quail on toast——"

"Ah," smiled the waiter, "vegetables?"

"I'll tell you about the vegetables later," went on Warwick, "bring me quail on toast," he repeated, "and I guess I'll have some grouse, too, at the same time."

"Vegetables?" again inquired the waiter.

"And on top of that," continued Warwick, "a fine cut of venison—and wine jelly, and——"

"Vegetables," insisted the waiter, "they are fine, very fine, today."

"Vegetables," repeated Warwick, "all right—all right. Asparagus tips, green peas, new potatoes—anything, everything. And some Pommery. And some coffee to top off with. See? And bring 'em right away."

The waiter was annoyed by the advent of a well-built man of somewhat shabby appearance, who insisted upon seating himself at Warwick's table. The waiter protested. His protest had no effect whatever on the shabby man, who, without more ado, sat down facing Mr. Warwick.

One by one the waiter brought the dainties. Warwick smiled. The man on the other side drew down the corners of his mouth. He stared across the room, but, shading his mouth with his right hand, addressed himself to Warwick. "I see," he remarked, sotto voce, "that the man who eats last eats best—under the Wylie Warwick system." Wylie Warwick did not deign to answer. He plunged voraciously into the delicacies set before him.

"If there's anything I like," he whispered, half to himself, "it's game when it's good and high. And this is out of sight. It's so blamed high that it almost falls to pieces. Gooley, I'm telling you, is simply great—Gooley and his game."

His vis-a-vis slowly drank a cup of tea and licked his chops. "If I'd known this," he complained to himself, "I would have waited."

Some twenty minutes after this Mr. Warwick stood in front of the cashier's desk.

"Nice day, Mr. Gooley," he remarked, throwing down a check for fifteen cents and with it, the necessary coin. He drew on his gloves and started off. But Goulet detained him. Goulet looked at the fifteen-cent check, front and back and upside down, and smiled a sleepy smile.

"This check," he said pointedly, "is for eight dollars and thirty-five cents, monsieur."

Warwick pointed to the check. "Fifteen cents," he answered, calling attention to the unmistakable figure upon it.

"Eight-thirty-five," protested Goulet, shrugging his shoulders. He looked Mr. Warwick squarely in the eyes; and it was the look of a man who is sleepy only for a purpose. Mr. Warwick slightly shivered. For he knew, then, that he was caught. He knew that Goulet must have heard of this same trick before.

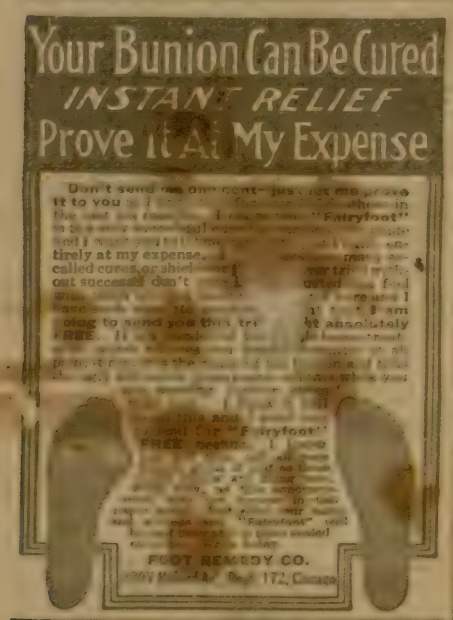
"Eight dollars, thirty-five cents," murmured Goulet, still politely. Warwick was far from being nonplussed; the incident involved a change of tactics, that was all.

"You jay," he thought to himself, "I'll stick you worse than if you took two fifteen cents." It was his purpose to hand over to Goulet one of his special brand of twenty-dollar bills, and get the change. He smiled.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to Goulet, "you are right, and I am wrong. My eyesight is not good, you see."

"Your digestion, doubtless, is very good, tho," answered Monsieur Goulet.

"The check is for $8.35," went on Warwick, "I had not noticed that before." He thrust his hand into his breast pocket and produced a wallet. Then he gasped. The wallet contained no bills—it contained merely a few forged deeds for the title of vacant lots which



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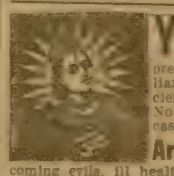

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did not exist. He then recalled the fact that he was wearing, not his own coat, but Mr. Billington's. He blushed.

"Ah, just charge that up to my account, will you," he said, with studied carelessness, to Goulet, "Mr. Matthew Bidwell, 56 West 43rd. I'll send the cash around this afternoon. Or," he added, "would you prefer a check?"

Goulet shrugged his shoulder. At the same time he pressed a small button on his desk. "We never charge," he explained, in his blandest manner, "and we never take a check. Never. You must pay. You really must, you know."

Another man than Warwick would have surrendered. But not Wylie Warwick. "I've got something up my sleeve for you yet, old fellow," he thought to himself, "the biggest card of all. From his trousers pocket he pulled out an abbreviated almanac. "Mr. Gooley," he remarked, "I have had a superb dinner. I admit it——"

AT this juncture he was interrupted by the entrance of two husky-looking individuals whom he recognized at once as plain clothes men from the Tenderloin precint. Their entrance did not feaze him in the least.

"Mr. Gooley," he went on, "may I see you in your private room—just for a moment?"

"You may," answered Goulet. They stepped into the small office and Warwick closed the door. "I don't want these chaps to hear what I say—and you may not desire it either." He jerked his head in the direction of the plain clothes men outside.

"The first question, Mr. Gooley," he continued, "is, are you fond of dates?"

"I dote," replied Goulet, "on dates."

Warwick coughed. "Here are a few," he said, "let me read them to you. Listen." He consulted his abbreviated almanac. "October first to December thirty-first, inclusive. How is that?" he asked.

"Sublime," answered Goulet, "beautiful dates, to be sure."

Warwick kept on. "September sixteenth to December thirty-first, inclusive. And again, September first to November twenty-ninth, inclusive. Now, Mr. Gooley, did you ever hear of these same dates before?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Goulet, perhaps. Perhaps I have."

"The first period," continued Warwick, "is the only period during which quail may be lawfully possessed within the confines of the State of New York; the second is the period for partridges, the third is the period for venison.

"Well," said Goulet, imperturbably.

"Well," resumed Warwick, "I have this day enjoyed at your expense——" Goulet interrupted him.

"At yours," protested Goulet. Warwick ignored the interruption. "I have this day enjoyed upon your premises a meal composed of venison, of partridge and of quail—you understand?"

"Well?" remarked Goulet, still unmoved.

"Well," thundered Wylie Warwick, today happens to be the seventh day of May—that's all."

"Well?" still remarked Goulet.

"All right," said Warwick, again consulting his book, "the penalty is this: $60 for each variety, $25 apiece for the partridge and the quail, $100 for the venison—to say nothing of the mass of stuff that is in your larder at this instant. Three hundred and thirty dollars, at the very least, for what I had."

"That," inquired Goulet "is the penalty?"

"That's the penalty," answered Warwick, "and one-half goes to the State of New York. You owe the other half to me."

"As the informer?" inquired Goulet.

"Exactly," answered Warwick, dryly, "as the informer. True."

"I see," remarked Goulet, "one-half of $330 to Informer Mr. Matthew Bidwell of 56 West 43rd. I see."

Then Goulet's manner underwent a change. "You have said," he added, "that this is the seventh day of May. May I call your distinguished attention to the fact that this is also—Thursday?"

"You may," answered Warwick, "for it is."

"Come with me," commanded Goulet. He opened the door leading out into the restaurant. He pointed to a small sign opposite the cashier's desk, one that Warwick had, unfortunately, overlooked. That sign read like this:

THURSDAY IS OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE DAY.
M. Goulet, Prop.

"Those quails, those partridges, those venisons," thundered Goulet, "all those that you ate, and many more—all, made of nuts—such nuts; and spices—such spices; and sauces, oh, such sauces. All—all. All of vegetable—all on our vegetarian physical culture day—all on every Thursday. Ah! The check," he added, to recur to a familiar subject, "the check is just eight dollars and thirty-five cents, my friend."

Wylie Warwick wilted. Two minutes later Goulet, once more with a sleepy smile, turned to the new tenderloin police.

"Messieurs," he remarked, "kindly escort this gentleman," with a gesture toward Warwick, "and this other gentleman, coming now toward us," indicating Mr. Barnabus Billington, "around to your station house. I shall come later to complain against them. I have seen such games before."

Messrs. Warwick and Billington trapped at their own game, went perforce, with the new Tenderloin police. There was nothing else to do. They had sowed the wind—they were reaping the whirlwind.

At the new Tenderloin, of course, they were carefully searched. The search developed nothing—that is, nothing much. Except, of course, a batch of clever counterfeits found on Mr. Billington, who was quite innocent of them — and a batch of clever forgeries, found on Mr. Warwick, who was quite innocent of them.

When Goulet came around, the sergeant seized him by the hand.

"Mr. Gooley, he commented, "we must congratulate you—you are great." He pointed to the two delinquents. "You've rounded up for us some of the biggest game there is in the city of New York—that's what."

Goulet bore his blushing honors well. He smiled sardonically, but sleepily, into the face of Mr. Wylie Warwick.

"Big game," murmured Michele Goulet, "is this the open season for big game? For this is only Thursday, the seventh day of May." He laughed and drolly shook his head.

The sergeant smiled upon him. "All the year around," the sergeant answered, "the season's open for such big game—as them."

The Strange Case of Cavendish

(Continued From Page 11)

"I don't know; she was all in black, but looked mighty neat."

"Well, I'll go her one better—a bit of Broadway for luck. So-long, both of you, and, Enright, you better come up for me; Ned, no doubt, has a previous engagement with Miss Donovan."

Mr. Enright paused at the door, his features exhibiting no signs of amusement.

"Better do as Beaton says, make it plain," he said shortly. "The less attention we attract the less talk there will be, and this is too d—n serious an affair to be bungled. You hear?"

She crossed over and rested her hands on his arm.

"Sure; I was only guying Ned—it's a shirtwaist for me. I'll play the game, old man."

CHAPTER XIII.
THE SHOT OF DEATH.

WESTCOTT'S purpose in visiting the La Rosita mine was a rather vague one. His thought had naturally associafed Bill Lacy with whatever form of deviltry had brought Beaton to the neighborhood of Haskell, and he felt convinced firmly that this special brand of deviltry had some direct connection with the disappearance of Frederick Cavendish. Just what the connection between these people might prove to be was still a matter of doubt, but as Miss Donovan was seeking this information at the hotel, all that remained for him to do at present was an investigation of Lacy.

Yet it was not in the nature of the big miner to go at anything recklessly. He possessed a logical mind and needed to think out clearly a course of action before putting it into execution. This revelation had come to him suddenly, and the conclusion which he had arrived at, and expressed to the girl, was more of an inspiration than the result of calm mental judgment. After she had disappeared on her walk back to Haskell, Westcott lit his pipe and resumed his seat on the big rock again, to think it all out in detail, and decide on a course of action. He was surprised how swiftly the facts of the case as already understood marshaled themselves into line in support of the theory he had advanced. The careful review of all Miss Donovan had told him only served to increase his confidence that his old partner still lived. No other conception seemed possible, or would account for the presence of Ned Beaton in Haskell, or the hurried call for Miss La Rue. Yet it was equally evident this was not caused by any miscarriage of their original plans. It was not fear that had led to this meeting—no escape of their prisoner, no suspicion that their conspiracy had been discovered, no alarm of exposure—but merely the careful completion of plans long before perfected. Apparently every detail of the crime, which meant the winning of Frederick Cavendish's fortune, had been thus far successfully carried out. The money was already practically in their possession, and not the slightest suspicion had been aroused. It had been a masterpiece of criminal ingenuity, so boldly carried out as to avoid danger of discovery.

Westcott believed he saw the purpose which had actuated the ruling spirit—a desire to attain these millions without bloodshed; without risking any charge of murder. This whole affair had been no vulgar, clumsy crime; it was more nearly a business proposition, cold-blooded, deliberately planned, cautiously executed. Every step had been taken exactly in accord with the original outlines, except possibly that they had been hurried by Cavendish's sudden determination to return West, and his will disinheriting John. These had compelled earlier action, yet no radical change in plans, as the machinery was already prepared and in position. Luck had been with the conspirators when Frederick called in Enright to draw up the will. What followed was merely the pressure of his finger on the button.

Enright! Beyond doubt his was the brains dominating the affair. It was impossible to believe that either Celeste La Rue or Ned Beaton—chorus girl or gunman—could have ever figured out such a scheme. They were nothing but pawns, moved by the hand of the chief player. Aye! and John Cavendish was another!

The whole foul thing lay before Westcott's imagination in its diabolical ingenuity—Enright's legal mind had left no loophole. He intended to play the game absolutely safe, so far, at least, as he was personally concerned.

The money was to go legally to John without the shadow of suspicion resting upon it; and then—well, he knew how to do the rest; already he had a firm grip on a large portion. Yes, all this was reasonably clear; what remained obscure was the fate of Frederick Cavendish.

Had they originally intended to take his life, and been compelled to change the plan? Had his sudden, unexpected departure from New York, on the very eve possibly of their contemplated action, driven them to the substitution of another body? It hardly seemed probable—for a man bearing so close a resemblance could not have been discovered in so short a time. The knowledge of the existence of such a person, however, might have been part of the original conspiracy—perhaps was the very basis of it; may have first put the conception into Enright's ready brain. Aye, that was doubtless the way of it. Frederick was to be spirited out of the city, accompanied, taken care of by Beaton or some other murderous crook, and this fellow, a corpse, substituted. If he resembled Frederick at all closely, there was scarcely a chance that his identity would be questioned. Why should it be—found in his apartments? There was nothing to arouse suspicion; while, if anything did occur, the conspirators were in no danger of discovery. They risked a possible failure of their plan, but that was all. But if this was true what had since become of Frederick?

Westcott came back from his musings to this one important question. The answer puzzled him. If the man was dead why should Beaton remain at Haskell and insist on Miss La Rue's joining him? And if the man was alive and concealed somewhere in the neighborhood, what was their present object? Had they decided they were risking too much in permitting him to live? Had something occurred to make them feel it safer to have him out of the way permanently? What conection did Bill Lacy have with the gang?

Westcott rose to his feet and began following the trail up the canyon. He was not serving Cavendish nor Miss Donovan by sitting there. He would, at least, discover where Lacy was and learn what the fellow was engaged at. He walked rapidly, but the sun was nearly down by the time he reached the mouth of his own drift.

While waiting word from the East which would enable him to develop the claim, Westcott had thought it best to discontinue, and hide, as best he could from others the fact that he had again discovered the lost lead of rich ore. To that end, after taking out enough for his immediate requirements in the form of nuggets gathered from a single pocket, which he had later negotiated quietly at a town down the railroad, he had blocked up the new tunnel and discontinued operations. He had fondly believed his secret secure, until Lacy's careless words had aroused suspicion that the latter might have seen his telegrams to Cavendish. His only assistant, a Mexican, who had been with him for some time, remained on guard at the bunk-house, and, so far as he knew, no serious effort had been made to explore the drift by any of Lacy's satellites. Now, as he came up the darkening gulch, and crunched his way across the rock-pile before the tunnel entrance, he saw the cheerful blaze of a fire in the Mex-

(Continued on Page 19.)

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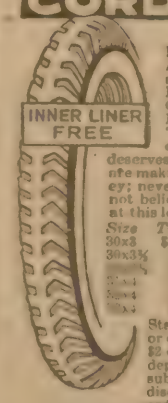

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Tied With Green String

(Continued From Page 6)

sion is given by me of my own accord and free will, after a talk with J. Hamilton Eaves.

Signed ——.

Folwell looked up. "What is this work you refer to?"

"I'm not at liberty," said the older man coolly, "to discuss it in any detail whatsoever unless we are certain that you're going to undertake it."

"Is it honorable?"

"Absolutely," affirmed J. Hamilton Eaves.

"Does it involve any stock selling?"

"No."

"Is it difficult?"

"No."

"Can I do it successfully?"

"You can do it well enough for the purpose."

"Is—is it dangerous?"

"Yes."

"How do you figure that a signed confession from me will protect you in the matter of my skipping town?"

Eaves laughed, mirthlessly. "I haven't forgotten the existence of that little brother of yours in the cripple school. You're not going to be a fugitive from justice and let the helpless boy be battered around from pillar to post."

"You're blamed right on that point," retorted Folwell. "I'm not." He paused. "You offer that confession of a $5,100 theft back in return for certain work that I can do?"

"Yes."

"Mind you, I haven't yet admitted that I stole that money. But if I signed that paper of yours—say—merely to let you feel you were protected from any welching on my part on your fourteen-day job—would you guarantee to keep the whole matter secret between the two of us only?"

"Absolutely," said the big man. His face suddenly looked tired and drawn.

"And you would fix it in writing or otherwise—so that if I carried out my end of the bargain you would absolutely have to carry out yours?"

"Exactly."

Folwell rose from his chair and went over to the window, where he stood for ten long minutes thinking; thinking, thinking, staring unseeingly down at La Salle street with its noonday flush of brokers and brokers' clerks and stenographers clad in flashing finery and the colors of youth. At last he strode back to the desk he had just left.

"I've decided to sign it," he said firmly, "but as long as this is between you and me only, kindly remember that I haven't admitted or stated that I'm guilty. As to why I'm doing it—oh, well, after all, why does it matter? It's turned into a plain business proposition for you—and a blind proposition for me. That's all I've got to say, I guess."

He dipped the pen in the ink and placed his name across the line at the bottom.

"Very well," said Eaves coldly, blotting it and folding it up. "I'll keep my end of the agreement. I'll phone detective headquarters and there'll be no more police officers over here—and nothing mentioned either. Rest assured of that. Come back at 1 o'clock and I'll give you the details of how you're going to square yourself with me." He rose and took his broad-brimmed Western felt hat from the coat-hanger. "I'm glad you came clean with me, Jason." And he held open the door for Folwell to leave.

As for Folwell, he wondered dazedly, as he stepped back into the outer office, if he had done right in the signing of that paper almost under duress. Has he done wisely—or unwisely? And he marveled, too, as he took up his hat, what an odd thing love was. For he alone knew the secret of Avery Reardon, the pretty, slim, brown-eyed girl who typed J. Hamilton Eaves' letters for him—and knew why Avery Reardon, straight, clean, honorable as she was, would nevertheless steal from her employer, were opportunity present, any amount up to nineteen thousand five hundred dollars with no compunction whatever. What strange passions both love and vengeance were, after all!

CHAPTER III.

"WHY DID YOU DO IT?"

WHEN Jason Folwell got out on busy La Salle street, he was bursting with several conflicting emotions. Crowding indignation struggled with satisfaction that he had successfully averted the arrest of Avery Reardon, for he knew full well what it would have meant should Avery Reardon have been grilled over at detective headquarters, and her relatives looked up and cross-questioned by the ever-watchful and motive-searching police.

Instead of getting a lunch—for appetite had quite left him after the interview which had just taken place—he took a car for the north side, dismounting a half hour later and making his way to a little green-painted cottage on Wisconsin street, some blocks west of Lincoln Park, covered with vines.

When he rang the bell, a delicate and tired-looking woman, with bright, trustful innocent-looking eyes, and white hair, answered it.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hepburn," Folwell greeted her. "Avery hasn't left yet, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Folwell. She's all packed, however, and expecting to leave the house this afternoon about 5. She——"

But her words were broken by a girl's silvery tones in back of her and she stepped aside.

At the end of the tiny hall stood a slim-looking girl of about 22, with great dark eyes that held in them the promise of wonderful wifehood. The dark, jet hair that was coiled about her head and ears fell in entrancing ringlets over her white, smooth forehead. She was dressed in a blue serge suit, charming in its simplicity, and a single white lacy ruffle at the soft throat marked the artistic unity of her garb.

"Jason!" she said in surprise, coming forward to meet him. "What are you doing 'way up north today?"

He looked hungrily at her as Mrs. Hepburn closed the door. "Suppose you can spare an hour, Avery," he said quietly, "as long as the boat doesn't leave until 6. Ran up to have a hasty talk about something very, very important that has just come up."

The older woman with a wan smile left for the rear of the house, and Avery Reardon led the way silently into the tiny parlor of the cottage. The room in which they stood was furnished simply, yet artistically, and as she dropped into a comfortable looking rocker Jason Folwell drew up a spacious armchair close to her.

"Honey girl," he said at once, his face growing solemn, "something most unusual has come up at the office not a half hour ago, and I've cut my lunch hour and everything else to catch you at once before you start on that long-delayed, vacation, triangle-trip of yours."

Her face was the picture of curiosity. She said nothing, however, only watching his eyes.

"Avery," he began, "before I get onto the subject, I want to tell you that I think I know at last the reason you have refused to marry me, and yet have confessed that you really care for me. Avery, I stumbled upon something four days ago when I was running thru the old records of the corporation that gave me a clew—not only to that but—well—to several other things also. The information was in the old book of stockholders of the defunct American Aeroplane Stabilizer Company, floated back in 1919 by J. Hamilton Eaves, whom we both begun to see in his true guise as a trickster and a crooked promoter." He stopped, watching her curiously.

"So—so you finally found out, Jason?" she said simply. She nodded her head slowly. "Well—it's not surprising that it happened—considering that you knew my mother's name."

"I can say that I was some surprised," he declared with a grim laugh, "when I found that your mother had invested no less than nineteen thousand five hundred dollars in American Aeroplane Stabilizer stock. There was her name, tho, in black and white—Mrs. Sarah Hepburn—on the books as the original purchaser of the stock."

For a few moments the girl looked out of the tiny front window, and the sky which was now beginning to be overcast with gray clods. Finally she spoke.

"Well, Jason, you found out all right, but after all it does not matter that you know the facts. Yes, dear, that was the reason. It was mother's whole heritage from dad—at least Daddy Hepburn was the only father I exer knew—at the time he died: Nineteen thousand five hundred dollars in first mortgage bonds. She was captured by one of Eaves' glib-tongued salesmen just after her bonds fell due, and she had the actual cash in the bank. She was searching for a new investment. She was easily inveigled into putting the whole thing—every cent she had outside of this little home here—into that stock on the promise that it would pay 25 per cent per year and be worth ten times its cost in a few years. It was Eaves himself who actually turned the sale—for it was he that talked with mother when she was in a doubtful frame of mind, and closed the transaction. You know now, as I know, Jason, what Eaves' game is. In fact, mother and I talked it over long afterward with a broker we became acquainted with. He told us that American Aeroplane Stabilizer was one of Eaves' most tricky stock flotations. His little model working on the toy aeroplane, the many testimonials from supposedly competent aviators, both professionals and ex-Army fliers, bought and paid for beyond all doubt, the advance orders, most of them dummies, the photographs of the manufacturing plant with the ground broken and the spur tracks laid, and the final clever juggling on the market till the bottom fell out of what was even originally a worthless stock." The girl shook her head sadly. "Mother is so gullible. Everything she had went into that stock. And there it lies today, with a few gold and crimson certificates as a monument. There is even a mortgage of six hundred dollars on this little cottage here."

"And so," commented Jason Folwell bitterly, "Eaves is the cause of your being unable to marry me—to make your mother a burden on me, as you put it."

She nodded quietly. "Mother is proud—so proud, Jason. She would not accept a monthly stipend from, nor live with, nor upon, a son-in-law, particularly since she has thrown away her own patrimony that would have given her, when carefully invested, an income of close upon a hundred dollars a month for life. And why should I be angry at her stand? I am just as proud as she. I could not bear to think that I had brought to my husband an additional liability consisting of a mother too delicate to work her own way in the world. Hence I had to put away all—all thoughts of marrying you, Jason, even tho——"

"Even tho you do care?" he said, placing his strong hand over her smaller one.

Her eyes filled suddenly with blinding tears. "Yes—even tho I do care," she repeated slowly. "Oh, why, oh, why are men such as J. Hamilton Eaves allowed to trifle with the lives of others for the sake of money?"

He said nothing for a second, till the tears stopped. His heart leaped with gladness at the sight of those tears, however, but suddenly thinking of the interview which had just taken place in Eaves' office, his face grew serious again and his heart became heavy.

"Now tell me one or two things, honey girl," he requested. "First, we both know that Eaves has no suspicion that the woman whose $19,500 he got on American Aeroplane Stabilizer—Mrs. Sarah Hepburn—is the mother of his employe, Avery Reardon, since the names are different and since you have concealed any mention of it and also asked me to do so, altho at the time I confess I could not understand your odd request. Now, how did you happen to go to work for a man you must have hated in your heart—a man whom you could hardly refrain from hating?"

She smiled thru the tears. "My coming over was somewhat different from yours, Jason. I don't think I shall ever forget how you came marching in there fresh from college, with brilliant recommendations from your professors and knowledge of all sorts of mechanical devices, and of how Eaves hired you on the spot to be his draughtsman and 'mechanical expert.' You wanted a job—a chance to rise—and you wanted it quick, I suspect, for you were a wee bit shabby that day, Jason, weren't you?" She placed her hand on his arm as tho she feared she had hurt him.

He nodded, as he recollected in particular Eaves' shrewd bargain as to salary.

"As for me," she continued, "I went in there after I learned the full details from mother of her terrible loss in American Aeroplane Stabilizer—to see Eaves—to talk with him about the chances of getting something, anything, out of it. He thought, however, that I was a girl he had telephoned for from a stenographers' exchange, and at once began to explain the position he had open, and to talk salary. It seemed he wanted a girl who could not only take stenographic notes and typewrite, but she was to spend hours and hours of her time, both days and evenings, learning to operate that Shanks Dictatograph, so that it could be exhibited before visitors."

"Customers," corrected Jason Folwell, grimly. "Customers, Avery."

"Yes, as I have slowly learned," she admitted. She paused a moment and then continued:

"The upshot of this mistake on his part was that I suddenly perceived that here was an opportunity of getting right in the camp of the enemy—of learning at first hand the true and actual conditions concerning American Aeroplane Stabilizer—and incidentally of drawing a wage that was far more than I had hoped to get, considering that I was just out of business college when mother lost her money. So, as Avery Reardon, instead of the daughter of Mrs. Sarah Hepburn, I became part of the J. Hamilton Eaves business. That is all."

"I see," he mused. He thought for a moment. He leaned forward. "Avery, dear, has it ever occurred to you that your services in operating the dictatograph in front of the different people he brings in are absolutely one of the

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strongest selling factors he has? Has it ocurred to you that when customers see him dictating casually and freely to you—and you clicking away at the keys and taking his words all down in phonetic combinations that—according to his literature—any little ignorant $6 a week typist can transcribe later, he sells stock in it two times out of every three? Do you know what the State of Illinois—even with its so-called Blue Sky law—allows his firm out of all such stock sales? Twenty per cent of the selling price of the stock, regardless of its par value. That means that one-fifth of all the money that trusting suckers put into it remains in his hands. From that point—well, it's only a question of time before he will juggle the limited market for it with smashed sales, scarehead bulletins, false reports, depress the price of the shares, buy them in, boom them all over again and resell them, making a hundred per cent next time."

SHE heard him thru wonderingly, wide-eyed. "I have only had the dim sense of these phases of his business without knowing of his exact methods. As for my operation of the dictatograph before visitors, these people do not know—he does not tell them, I have noticed—that I have had to put in hours and hours of practice far in excess of that required by a stenographer. Neither do they know that most of J. Hamilton Eaves' demonstration letters consist of words and phrases that have been repeated so many times that it is second nature to me to know how to take them down. Why, Jason, many words of our English language are so intricate that it would take a dictatograph operator so long to find the correct phonetic key combination that her employer would be two sentences ahead of her before she extricated herself."

"Precisely," he admitted. "Exactly. I have been trying for several weeks to land a new position, for I am one of the few people today who know that the Shanks Dictatograph is a fraud—a legal fraud—which thru its stock sales will put dollars into the hands of Eaves only; a fraud which almost sells itself with its brilliant trimmings, its multi-colored rubber keys, its silver-plated and nickeled parts, and last but not least its smooth operation by you, by me and by Eaves himself. Like you, Avery, I have unconsciously been the means of selling a number of shares of the stock, for Eaves has thought nothing of calling me into operate it when you were out to lunch. At still other times he has deigned to operate it himself, easily, casually, smilingly, his cigar in his mouth, having his customer read to him from a book of poems, every one of which he has meticulously memorized and practiced. No, dear girl, now that you and I have come for the first time to a full understanding with each other about our mutual employer, I am going to tell you that the Shanks Dictatograph, which in Eaves' most recent advertising booklet is designed to make any bright girl a stenographer in a couple of weeks' practice, and to make notes consisting of group combinations of English letters that cheap, ignorant typists can transcribe, will never be harbored either by employers or by stenographers. And I am glad we two have reached a perfect understanding upon this unpleasant point."

She leaned back in her chair. Nothing was said for a moment. He broke the silence.

"You—you will be gone two weeks?" he queried. "Why did you elect to take the triangle trip so late in the year—October? This must be the last boat of the season to Sault Ste. Marie, isn't it? And from there you go by rail to Toronto—thence to Buffalo, and back by the Lake Shore road to Chicago?"

She looked away from him. "Jason, you have been frank with me, and I am going to be that way with you—at least partly so. I am going to take the triangle trip—yes—as a real vacation. But most of my time will be spent stopping off in Toronto, Canada. I wish I might tell you more—but my word of honor is involved, and I cannot. I am taking care of a peculiar errand in the big Canadian city. And some day I shall be able to tell you more about it. If it were really a matter of my own choice, I would rather keep the vacation money and work here in Chicago for two weeks and get the extra money—for mother and I have nothing but my wages. However—I leave for Sault Ste. Marie on the 6 o'clock boat tonight, and mother goes on a visit to her sister's at Elgin at 3 o'clock today to remain with her the two weeks I am gone. And—well—that ends the story." She smilled quizzically at him. "I can't tell you more—just now!" She regarded him a moment. "But, Jason, it is you who are really the mysterious one. You come at a mysterious hour of the day, you say something vague about something that has happened at the office, and then you proceed to drop the whole thing. What—what has happened, Jason, that brings you clear out to Wisconsin street on the eve of my departure?"

He got up and paced a few steps back and forth across the room. Then he resumed his chair and spoke.

"Avery, you recall the date when Eaves ripped out the ancient vault door in his office, and had that rather garish but modern two-door vault installed?"

She nodded.

"You remember Eaves' talk to us at the time he intrusted us with the two combinations—the inner and the outer?"

Again she nodded wonderingly.

"For my own part," said Folwell, "I can say that in opening the two doors, no one of the outer force has ever been in the room. And I have invariably thrown off both combinations when I have locked the safe. Have you done the same?"

"Invariably, Jason," was her quiet reply. She was looking peculiarly at him now.

He leaned forward, fastening his steel-gray eyes on her brown ones. "Avery, did you by any chance whatever give the combinations, at any time, to any one not in the company?"

She shook her head, but her eyes grew big and she rested them uneasily on his face. Unconsciously she stopped rocking.

"Well—neither did I," he said abruptly. He leaned forward. He told her of Eaves' interview with him, of the facts brought out, of his own counter-accusation to Eaves that the promoter himself had stolen the stock certificates for some hidden reason, and Eaves' rather conclusive proof that the inability to seize the promotion rights of the valuable Judson Tolliver two-color fountain pen thru the loss of the option was sufficient evidence that he would not burglarize his own safe. Concluding, he said: "And so, dear, when I was face to face with the knowledge that either you or I had abstracted Eaves' bonds, I could not bear to have you taken to the police station and put thru any brutal cross-questioning. They would have found out within two hours that Mrs. Sarah Hepburn was your mother. Eaves would have recognized the name at once as that of the woman who had been bilked by him on American Aeroplane Stabilizer stock. Your working in that office over a period of all those months without ever having mentioned this salient fact would have been damning in the eyes of Eaves, and equally so in the eyes of the police. They might have succeeded in sending you to prison. I do not condemn you an iota for yielding to impulse and taking his stocks, his bonds, or his whole office or everything in it. I question the wisdom of it, however. At any rate, dear," his hand closed on hers, "when I was confronted with the chance of stopping any further dangerous investigation of you and yours by signing the confession myself, just to protect him, as he claims, until he gives me the opportunity of earning back the paper, I signed up in a big hurry. Now we—at least you, honey girl—are safe."

She gazed at him for a long, long minute, and in her eyes were tenderness and solicitude, pride and love combined. At last she sopke.

"Jason, you have done a truly noble thing in signing a confession just to save me. I can't fully grasp the thing yet—since you and I only had the combinations of both the inner and outer vault doors and Eaves himself would not sacrifice that option which he prized so highly just to throw suspicion on one or the other of us. But I have a suspicion of my own that I want to set forth." She paused. "I daresay that the temptation and the justification to steal back from him part of what he has stolen from my mother would be great—but it was not I who carried off his bonds. Jason, Jason, why, oh, why, did you sign that confession? Do you realize that you have put yourself absolutely in the power of J. Hamilton Eaves?"

CHAPTER IV.

"NO NOTORIETY."

FOLWELL gazed at the girl as she spoke. Then he answered her quickly, wonderingly.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, "that it was not you. You cannot dream how bad I felt about it." He paused. "But about this suspicion you have of the truth of the matter. What is it? Do you know something?"

She stepped over to the couch and got a paper which, by the headlines, Folwell could see was the paper of that morning. She turned to an inside page, talking as she searched for something.

"Day before yesterday, Jason, during lunch hour, while Mr. Eaves was out, and in fact nobody was in the office but myself, a rather jaunty-looking telephone repairman came to try and locate the trouble on Mr. Eaves' special phone in the inner office. That instrument—Central 9660—is in perfect working order except that it will not ring. It will carry outgoing calls, but not ingoing ones, whereas the one in our outer office—the Central 9661—is quite satisfactory. All right. So much for that. The telephone repairman had been inside the private office for perhaps fifteen minutes when I told him that I was going downstairs to the cafeteria for my lunch. As there was nothing in either office that any one would care to steal, I didn't have any compunction about leaving him alone. Well—the downstairs cafeteria was so crowded that I gave up my idea for the time, and, coming back upstairs within ten minutes of the time I had left, I walked quietly in the office and over to the door of the private room belonging to Mr. Eaves. The repairman had his kit of tools all bundled up, and he was leaning over the vault slowly turning the knob of the outer door. When he saw me he straightened up guiltily, looked a bit disconcerted, but seemed to throw off his confusion quickly. All the explanation he made was: 'That's quite a beautiful vault you people have installed there. Used to work for the company that later put this out. The Patterson two-door chilled-steel safety vault, Model H, they call it.' He picked up his tools, said something about hoping to locate the trouble after lunch that day, and left the office. But he didn't return that afternoon—which is characteristic of telephone repairmen in general, however. I promptly forgot the whole incident till what you just now told me combined itself strangely with an item I read in the morning paper today." She handed him the paper unfolded to an inside page where down far near the bottom was a tiny news article, hardly more than an inch or two in height, and with a single line of caption.

Folwell took it and read it thru in the space of a fraction of a minute. It told simply that Al Penroy, a former safe expert and burglar, recently escaped from the Joliet penitentiary, and was located by the police working under another name for the Chicago [illegible] Company as a repairman and trouble locater. It told, furthermore, that he had been seized the night before, but had broken away from the two detectives sent to take him and, hopping on a fast-moving street car in the middle of the block, had made a second successful getaway from the law.

Folwell looked up with a far-away stare in his eyes. "Well," he commented with a puzzled shrug of his shoulders, "it—it looks mighty much as tho one Al Penroy may be the cause of our sudden complication. True, the repairman might have just been a smart Aleck who was curious enough to twirl the combination dial, and on the other hand——" He stopped. He shook his head. "Well—all I can say is that this item and your story throw a possible faint light on matters."

For a while the two sat and talked over the affair, and at the conclusion Folwell looked at his watch and arose. "I'm going back to Eaves' office now, and try and ascertain what is to come out of this mess. As for your coming down there to tell Eaves of what you saw regarding the telephone repairman, don't delay your trip. Your passage is bought and paid for, and more important yet, this is the last boat of the season. And there's no reason at all why you should change your whole plans on account of me." He opened his arms and she crept into them.

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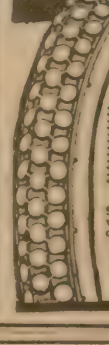

Here is the absolute limit in tire offers—never before such wonderful values. Standard makes—practically new—some run less than 100 MILES—five new MILES—or more. TUBES ARE BRAND NEW FRESH STOCK.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$5.75	$1.75	34x4	$11.00	$3.00
30x3½	6.75	2.25	33x4½	11.50	3.25
32x3½	8.00	2.25	34x4½	12.00	3.25
31x4	8.75	2.50	35x4½	12.00	3.25
32x4	9.50	2.75	36x4½	12.50	3.25
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322 Lake St., Dept. 280, Maywood, Ill.

Thousands of Women are

Weak, Nervous, Irritable, Easily Upset All Because

Their Blood Lacks Iron

Most women need to eat more SPINACH AND CARROTS, other iron-containing vegetables and re-inforce them occasionally with a little organic iron to help enrich their blood and REVITALIZE THEIR WORNOUT EXHAUSTED NERVES.

When your BLOOD becomes THIN, PALE AND WATERY it loses its power to change food into living tissue and therefore your nerves and other vital parts of your body do not receive sufficient nourishment—YOUR NERVE FORCE BECOMES WEAKENED and you become "run-dowh," cross, complaining, nervous, irritable and easily upset.

You may also suffer from pains and aches across the back or in the head, disturbed digestion, loss of memory, weakened will power, melancholy, hysteria, shortness of breath, heart palpitation and numerous other symptoms all because of iron starvation of the blood. Women specially need iron even more than men on account of the heavier demands nature makes on them.

When your blood is starving for iron, no mere tonics or stimulants can put you right. Starving blood must have iron the same as a starving person must have food:—iron is red blood food and you must take iron to supply such food. But be sure the iron you take is organic iron and not metallic iron which people usually take. Metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acid on small pieces of iron and is therefore entirely different from organic iron. Organic iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. It may be had from your druggist under the name of Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron also contains a remarkable product, brought to the attention of the French Academy of Medicine by the celebrated Dr. Robin, which represents the principal chemical constituent of activing, living nerve force, FOR FEEDING THE NERVES, so that NUXATED IRON might be said to be both a BLOOD and a NERVE FOOD. Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. It will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if you do not obtain satisfactory results. Beware of substitutes. Always insist on having genuine organic iron—Nuxated Iron. Look for the letters N.I. on every tablet. At all druggists.

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We want boys everywhere to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout." Our agents make 2c profit on every Saturday Blade they sell, 2c on every Chicago Ledger and 4c on every "Lone Scout" they sell. Just a few minutes Friday afternoon or Saturday delivering to your regular customers.

25 People Taking the Blade and Ledger Would Give You $1.00 a Week Profit.

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers.

When you send your first report and if you are accepted by the Lone Scouts of America, the great boys' Organization that is without dues, we will pay for you the cost of sending you the Badge, Certificate of Membership and Booklet of Instructions. Just send me a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers," and sign your name and address carefully.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 15, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

"Good-by, honey-girl. I can't help but feel that there must somehow be a solution regarding your mother's lost money—that at the same time will be our solution, too. As for this bond loss of Eaves', I'll simply wait and see what this afternoon brings forth." He kissed her and she clung to him.

Once outside on a Clark street car going back to the office a peculiar plan began to formulate itself in his mind. That the Folwell-Schierling Rotogravure Disc must some day be worth an appreciable amount of money he had no doubt whatsoever. This being so, what was to prevent his paying a broker the sum of nineteen thousand five hundred dollars of his own earnings and having the latter go to Mrs. Sarah Hepburn and buy back from her the worthless American Aeroplane Stabilizer stock on the pretext that a pool was being formed and that the stock was needed? But his optimism contracted suddenly and his face grew long as he thought of the duration of time in which, in the usual course of such things, the profits from his half of the Folwell-Schierling disc would amount to any such sum as this. A year—two years—perhaps three years, or even five years!

HE ARRIVED back at Eaves' offices at 2 o'clock. A light fall rain was dropping, a chill that presaged the coming of winter was in the damp air, and the skies were dark and overcast with clouds. The electric lights in the offices were on full blast, and Eaves was sitting in his private room leaning back in his swivelchair, gazing out at dark, gray La Salle street, as Folwell hung his hat on one of the coat hooks and made his way into his employer's sanctum.

"I'm back, Mr. Eaves," he announced briefly. "And with something to tell you."

Eaves got up, closed the door and came back to his swivelchair.

"What is it?" he inquired brusquely, his thumbs in his vest pockets.

Whereupon Folwell told him of Avery Reardon's story concerning the telephone repairman, and also of the tiny item in that morning's paper. Eaves, however, was manifestly impatient, and incredulous in addition.

"Rot!" he snorted. "That little vault with its double doors is absolutely proof against the entrance of anybody who doesn't know the two combinations. Never was a thief yet who could get in a safe by the methods of O. Henry fiction. We three agreed on a combination for each of the two doors, and we three learned it together. Come, Jason, after admitting that you abstracted the stuff why try to crawfish out of it?"

Folwell's voice was hard and metallic.

"All right," he said curtly. "I admit I signed a confession. But don't lose sight of the fact that just because a man signs a confession it doesn't mean for a certainty that he's guilty. Lots of queer things in this world, you know."

"And don't you lose sight of the fact, Jason," warned J. Hamilton Eaves angrily, pointing one pudgy forefinger at the red, black and gold ornamented vault door back of them, "that I have your confession locked safe and sound in that steel receptacle now—with both combinations changed and in my possession alone. That's the way I should have protected my bonds in the first place."

There was a long, sullen pause between the two men, in which neither made any attempt to speak. From outside in the glass-walled room off the main office came the faint sounds of Eaves' two stock salesmen, Beebe and Meier, calling up the thousands of names on the Chicago "sucker lists." Finally Folwell broke the silence.

"Well, you've got my confession all right. I've also got your promise—and from what I've seen of you in these months you keep your word—that you had a proposition by which that confession was to go back into my hands and the whole affair was to be called quits by a receipt in full. Of course when the thing is quits, my resignation takes effect also, as I've decided to cast out for a new business anchorage."

"We'll decide that when the time comes," pronounced Eaves confidently. "Even tho you have done me a dirty trick, Jason, you're an A. No. 1 good man in mechanics and engineering. As for my proposition, I stand ready with it, exactly as I said I would. You help me out by a piece of good nerve and youth now, and the thing, I tell you, is quits. I'm no welcher."

He paused for a moment.

"Well—let's hop to the facts." He turned his chair so that it faced Folwell more directly. "Jason, somewhere around the first week in August—to give you these facts chronologically—Perry L. Paddon, promoter of Florida grape fruit farms, received thru the mails one lone playing-card—a king—bearing some presumably rubber-stamped words to the effect that he would suffer the fate of all such—meaning kings—unless he closed up his business within a week." Eaves paused. "Now, Perry Paddon was one of thirteen men named in a certain alleged expose in Riswold's Magazine—now defunct—which you may never have seen. Each of these thirteen men was branded a 'crooked king of Chicago finance.' All right for that. I might so much as say to you that Perry L. Paddon went over the open Madison street draw in his automobile one rainy night—the tenth of August, to be exact—at around 6 o'clock, and was found a couple of hours later floating with his eyes wide open, staring. Ever hear of the significance of staring eyes on a dead man, Jason? Well, it means death that's dropped swiftly on him. Now, whether Paddon was killed somewhere, and placed in that automobile next to his murderer, who stepped out on the bridge approach, leaving the car full on, we'll never know. Nor will we know whether heart disease got him. One thing is certain: Paddon was one of the best auto drivers in the country and could handle any car in any kind of a situation. An open draw wouldn't have confused him.

"So much for that," continued Eaves after a brief pause. "Let's pass on to Maurice L. Rothblume. Rothblume was a Jewish promoter and broker along certain lines here on LaSalle street. He had been named in the Riswold Magazine article. Rothblume, some time in August, received in the mails a deck of cards with one king missing, and a threat, advising him to close out his business within a week. Now, the absence of the king from the deck was evidently to impress upon his mind that one of the thirteen men named as 'kings' had passed out rather mysteriously and expeditiously. Anyway, Rothblume never closed out his business, and today he's lying in a grave somewhere near Chicago, for he was found dying in Tower Square, over on the north side one rainy night in late August—the twenty-first, in fact—where he had gone on foot to look at a piece of property he owned on Tower court. He left a widow and a daughter. What was the cause of death? The ambulance surgeon said apoplexy.

"Now, Johnstone Lee, a promoter," continued Eaves, "received the third summons. A deck of cards with two kings missing came to him in the mails some few weeks prior to a week ago, according to the mail carrier of this building. That would make it, on a guess, around September first. Like the others, he evidently considered it a joke; thought some of the boys were having a little fun with him. In fact, his sister says he was peeved at 'em because they sent him a deck he couldn't use. Of course, he didn't close up his business in response to a joke letter—and, lo and behold! Johnstone Lee died a short time ago—on the night of September nine, a rainy night—perhaps a week or more after his time expired, at the apartment where he lived with his sister, from a mysterious set of symptoms which the doctor dubiously called 'ptomaine poisoning.' He had collapsed in the vestibule of the apartment building, and never talked again after he was found."

"And Johnstone Lee," put in Folwell, "was also one of the thirteen 'crooked kings' mentioned in the Riswold Magazine article?"

"Precisely," said Eaves. "Exactly."

HE PAUSED for a long moment, drumming nervously on his desk.

"Jason, exactly one week ago today I received a deck of cards, with a rubber-stamped warning giving me one week—and one week only—to close out my business. It was signed in stamped letters, 'Star of the Night;' and, together with the deck of cards it's locked up safe and snug in my safe there." He paused. "Three of the kings in that deck were missing. If the mail carrier hadn't dropped a sort of clew in my mind I might not have investigated as I did, but I did so with the result that I found that each of the 'kings' that received the summons has died quickly, surely and mysteriously. That's the whole ugly story. That's the point that my proposition hinges about. My week expires tonight. I have not closed up my business nor has it been expeditious for me to do so. I am on the verge of making good money on a number of whirlwind propositions that I have slowly worked up—so much money is in sight, in fact, that the fifty-one hundred dollars I have lost isn't of much account in comparison. Now, have you any questions to ask?"

"Yes. This one. You were named in the Riswold Magazine expose together with the others?

"I was not!" declared Eaves vehemently. "This is the odd feature of it. If an individual or society who calls himself or itself 'Star of the Night' started out either to frighten or to war against the thirteen 'kings' they have suddenly laid off the original thirteen and have hopped over to me for some unaccountable reason. In other words, I have been chosen to be King No. 4."

Folwell nodded slowly. "Did you ever figure in any newspaper or magazine publicity of any sort?"

Eaves shook his head emphatically. "Not a line has ever been printed about me. Newspapers and I have fought shy of each other—at least I have steered clear of them. They can ruin a business like this, which rests on the confidence of its clients."

"Do you look upon the thing at all as a mere coincidence?"

"Not by a damsite," declared Eaves. "The circumstances surrounding the receipt of each warning, and the death following it within a week or ten days, are not to be explained coincidentally for a minute. Somebody—some one is out to get each and every one of the thirteen kings."

"Plus one extra," commented Folwell dryly.

Eaves bit his lip uneasily. "Yes—one extra."

Folwell screwed up his forehead a moment. Then he asked one more question. "I have paid careful attention to your story. I note that each man met his death on a rainy night. How do you account for that?"

"That," said Eaves, "is the one tiny coincidence in the case. It's quite obvious that an assassin—crude or clever—doesn't need weather conditions to help him strike."

"Im not so sure of that," said the younger man. "Im willing to agree with you in refusing to regard the deaths as coincidences, but when I accept it as due to a human agency, then I'm not wholly willing to put down the fact of the rainy night in each case as being a thing of chance."

A long pause followed. Then Eaves asked:

"Well, what do you think about it—now that you've asked your questions?"

"Have you notified the police?"

Eaves shook his head.

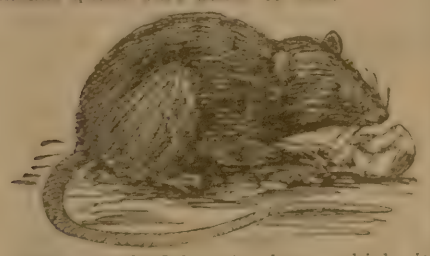
"I think, then," pronounced Folwell quietly, "that you are bereft of your senses not to have done so. That's my opinion in a nutshell. If things are as you describe, there is a dangerous paranoiac or crank or band of men or something that is working out some devilish plan. Do you want to fight the forces of darkness all alone?"

"As for notifying the police," sneered Eaves, "I have as much desire for notoriety as a hen for water. The cursed Riswold Magazine story was bad enough for the promotion game, even tho it didn't touch yours truly—and it's getting dead now—ancient history. Can you see how the whole mysterious case would

Easy Now to Rid Your Farm of Rats

Wonderful Discovery by Noted Scientist Kills Every Rat Within a Week's Time—Not a Poison.

Rats cost farmers over two hundred millions of dollars a year, through the destruction of grain, poultry and buildings. Farmers need no longer suffer this loss because they can now kill off all the rats on their farm in less than a week's time. This is possible through the remarkable discovery of E. R. Alexander, a Kansas City chemist, who has perfected a virus which kills rats, mice and gophers as though by magic. This product is not a poison—it can be eaten by human beings or any animal on the farm as safely as their regular food, but means quick sure death to rats.



This wonderful rat virus, which is known as Alexander Rat-Killer, is merely mixed with bread or meat scraps and placed where rats, mice or gophers can get to it. Within a few hours after a rat has eaten Alexander Rat-Killer he gets a high fever and suffers a terrible thirst. He leaves the barns and nesting holes and goes to the open fields in search of pure air and running water. Rats and mice affected always die away from the barns and houses, so there is no odor.

It is a scientific fact that one rat affects others and soon the whole colony leaves the buildings and dies. And though this virus is absolutely deadly to rats—chickens, hogs, cattle or any farm animal can eat it and not be affected at all.

So confident is Mr. Alexander that Alexander Rat-Kill will kill every rat on your farm in less than a week's time that he offers to send, as an introductory offer, a regular $2.00 tube for only $1.00. Give it according to directions, and if at the end of a week's time you are able to discover any rats, mice or gophers on your farm, your money will be refunded. A big Kansas City bank guarantees that Mr. Alexander is reliable and will do as he says.

Send NO MONEY. Just write to E. R. Alexander, Alexander Laboratories, 121 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and the tube will be mailed at once. When it arrives, pay the postman only one dollar and postage on the guarantee that if not absolutely satisfactory your money will be returned without question. Write today—a postcard will do—and stop your rat losses now.

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For that itching patch of rash or eczema, try Resinol Ointment, before the trouble has a chance to become serious. You will doubtless be surprised to find how quickly it soothes and cools your irritated skin. Its harmless, gentle ingredients make it safe for the tenderest skin. *All druggists sell Resinol.*

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Write me and I will send you on trial my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment for **Piles** which has proven a blessing to thousands who are now free from this cruel, torturous disease. Send post card today for Full Treatment. If results are satisfactory costs you $2.00. If not, costs nothing.

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Something new—just out—nothing else like it—Concentrated Soft Drinks—just add sugar and water and serve. Many different kinds—orangeade, wild cherry, grape, etc. Best summer seller ever introduced. Everybody, young and old, every home, church fair, picnic, etc., is a sure customer. Hustlers coining money.

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One bottle makes 32 glasses. Costs less than 1c a glass. Guaranteed pure. Small package—carry it right with you. No experience needed—show it—sell it. Act quick—don't wait—spend one cent and make hundreds—send a postal TODAY.

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Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an **AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST** containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

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be slopped all over the front pages of all the papers if I took these details over to the police? Why—say!—they'd probably even reproduce the Riswold article itself in toto, enlarge on the facts brought out in it, and play up in three-inch type that J. Hamilton Eaves, not of the thirteen kings at all, is nevertheless the next king scheduled for death. Not on your life. It isn't even certain that putting the police on the thing would circumvent the sender or senders of the warnings if the latter intend to at least attempt to get me. But one thing is sure: If any of this sort of publicity tacks itself on me, my business irons are lying in a cold fire—a fire of ashes for J. H. Eaves, Esquire."

He stopped. His face was a picture of despondency, fear and indignation. Whereupon Folwell put in a question.

"Well, I agree with you that if you notify the police you are going to get the choicest dose of notoriety that you ever will get." He paused. "But what is puzzling me is what I have to do with the thing. What part of it all concerns me?"

"Simply this," said Eaves, with what appeared to be a trace of desperation in his words. "You want that confession and a receipt in full back—and I warn you, Jason, that unless you earn it back you can go into court and fight a criminal accusation of grand larceny. That's final. I, on the contrary, want to circumvent this man or band of men—without risking my own life and without any of the damnable notoriety. I therefore make the following proposition—and you can take an hour to think it over." He paused. "Jason, I stand willing to give you that confession back, together with a receipt providing you take my place for fourteen days, going and coming from the office, living in my house, sleeping in my bed, riding to and from my house to my business, eating in my restaurants and clubs, and wearing my clothes."

Folwell leaned forward in his chair "Wait—don't you suppose if you're marked for death your unknown assassin knows your face? Why, the only point of similarity between us is our steel-gray eyes! You're one of the most striking figures on La Salle street here. You're——"

"Of course," interrupted J. Hamilton Eaves irritably. "But has it ever occurred to you that that striking figure consists of a rather large build, encased in certain clothing consisting of striped trousers and a Prince Albert coat, its head wearing a broad-brimmed Western felt hat, its hands chamois-skin gloves, and carrying a gold-headed blackthorn cane? Now assume that the face of that figure got supposedly badly burned in an explosion here in the office with some inflammable oil! Suppose that face was bandaged up, so far as the part beneath the eyes was concerned, with surgical gauze! In simple language, Jason, would anybody on La Salle street or in Chicago know, with your stocky, muscular build taking the place of my—er—tendency toward stoutness, your height the same as my own, and my striking clothes on your back, whether it was you or me passing back and forth daily from my house to this office? Think it over."

A mighty queer proposition, this, to put up to an intelligent, sane and doubtless honest man! Most men, of this stamp, would hurl such a bargain back to the teeth of its originator and bravely take the consequences. But, the engineer seems to be the sort of person who might enjoy a good fight, no matter what the dangers, and meet all attacks with a good defense. And what red-blooded man wouldn't battle for the girl he loves? This bids fair to be the greatest mystery story of the year. Another big installment next week.

The Strange Case of Cavendish

(Continued From Page 15)

ican's quarters and stopped to question him.

"Senor—you!"

"Yes, Jose," and Westcott dropped on to a bench. "Anything wrong? You seem nervous."

"No, senor. I expected you not tonight; there was a man there by the big tree at sunset."

"You saw him?"

"Yes, but not his face, senor. He think me gone at first, but when I walk out on the edge of the cliff then he go—quick, like that. When the door creak I say maybe he come back."

"One of the La Rosita gang likely. Don't fight them, Jose. Let them poke around inside if they want to; they won't find anything but rock. There is no better way to fool that bunch than let them investigate to their heart's content. Got a bite there for me?"

"Si, senor, a-plenty."

"All right, then; I'm hungry and have a bit of work ahead. Put it on the table here, and sit down yourself, Jose."

The Mexican did as ordered, glancing across at the other between each mouthful of food, as tho not exactly at ease. Westcott ate heartily, without pausing to talk.

"You hear yet Senor Cavendish?" Jose asked at last.

"No." Westcott hesitated an instant, but decided not to explain further. "He must be away, I think."

"What you do if you no hear at all?"

"We'll go on with the digging ourselves, Jose. It'll pay wages until I can interest capital somewhere to come in on shares."

"You no sell Lacy, then?"

"Sell Lacy! Not in a thousand years. What put that in your head?"

The Mexican rubbed the back of his pate.

"You know Senor Moore—no hair so?" an expressive gesture.

"Sure; what about him?"

"He meet me at the spring; he come up the trail from Haskell on horseback with another man not belong 'round here."

"What did he look like—big, red-faced fellow, with checked suit and round hat?"

"Si, senor; he say to Moore, 'Why the hell you talk that d—n greaser,' an' Moore laugh, an' say because I work for Senor Westcott."

"But what was it Moore said to you, Jose?"

"He cussed me first, an' when I wouldn't move, he swore that Lacy would own this whole hill before thirty days."

"Was that all? Didn't the other fellow say anything?"

"No, senor; but he swung his horse against me as they went by—he mighty poor rider."

"No doubt; that is not one of the amusements of the Bowery. Where did they go? Up to La Rosita?"

"Si, senor; I watched, they were there two hour."

Westcott stared into the fireplace; then the gravity of his face relaxed into a smile.

"Things are growing interesting, Jose," he said cheerfully. "If I only knew just which way the cat was about to jump I'd be somewhat happier. There seemed to be more light than usual across the gulch as I came up—what's going on?"

"They have put on more men, senor—a night-shift. Last night I went in our drift clear to the end, and put my ear to the rock. It was far away, but I hear."

"No, no, Jose; that's impossible. Why, their tunnel is over a hundred yards away; not even the sound of dynamite would penetrate that distance thru solid rock. You heard your heart beat."

"No, senor," and Jose was upon his feet gesticulating. "It was the pick—strike, strike, strike; then stop an' begin, strike, strike, strike again. I hear, I know."

"Then they must be running a lateral, hoping to cut across our vein somewhere within our lines."

"And will that give them the right, senor?"

Westcott sat, his head resting on one hand, staring thoughtfully into the dying fire; the yellow flame of the oil lamp between them on the table flickered in the draft from the open window. Here was a threatening combination of forces.

"I am not sure, Jose," he answered slowly. "The mining law is full of quirks, altho, of course, the first discoverer of a lead is entitled to follow it—it's his. The trouble here is, that instead of giving notice of discovery, I have kept it a secret, and even blocked up the tunnel. If the La Rosita gang push their drift in, and strike that same vein, they will claim original discovery, and I reckon they'd make it stick. I didn't suppose Lacy had the slightest idea we had struck color. Nobody knew it, but you and I, Jose."

"Never I say a word, senor."

"I am sure of that, for I know exactly where the news came from. Lacy spilled the beans in a bit of misunderstanding we had last night down in Haskell. My letters and telegrams East to Cavendish went wrong, and the news has come back here to those fellows. They know just what we've struck, and how our tunnel runs; I was fool enough to describe it all to Cavendish and send him a map of the vein. Now they are driving their tunnel to get in ahead of us."

He got to his feet, bringing his fist down with such a crash on the table as to set the lamp dancing.

"But, by God, it's not too late! We've got them yet. The very fact that Lacy is working a night-shift is evidence he hasn't uncovered the vein. We'll tear open that tunnel the first thing in the morning, Jose, and I'll make proof of discovery before noon. Then we'll put a bunch of good men in here and fight it out if those lads get ugly. Come on, let's take a look in there tonight."

He picked up the lamp and turned. At the same instant a sudden red glare flamed in the black of the open window, accompanied by a sharp report. The bullet whizzed past Westcott's head so closely as to sear the flesh, crashed into the lamp in his hand, extinguishing it, then struck something beyond. There was no cry, no sound except a slight movement in the dark. Westcott dropped to the floor, below the radius of dim light thrown by the few embers left in the fireplace, and revolver in hand, sought to distinguish the outlines of the window frame. Failing in this, he crept noiselessly across the floor, unlatched the closed door, and emerged into the open air.

It was a dark night, with scarcely a star visible, the only gleam of radiance coming from a light across the gulch, which he knew burned in the shaft-house of the La Rosita.

Everything about was still, with the intense silence of mountain solitude. Not a breath of air stirred the motionless cedars. Cautiously he circled the black cabin, every nerve taut for struggle, every sense alert. He found nothing to reward his search—whoever the coward had been, he had disappeared among the rocks, vanishing completely in the black night. The fellow had not even waited to learn the effect of his shot. He had fired pointblank into the lighted room, sighting at Westcott's head, and then ran, assured no doubt the speeding bullet had gone straight to the mark. It was not until he came back to the open door that the miner thought of his companion. What had become of Jose? Could it be that the Mexican was hit? He entered, shrinking from the task, yet resolute to learn the truth; felt his way along the wall as far as the fireplace, and stirred the embers into flame. They leaped up, casting a flickering glow over the interior. A black, shapeless figure, scarcely discernible as a man, lay huddled beneath the table. Westcott bent over it, feeling for the heart and turning the face upward. There was no visible mark of the bullet wound, but the body was limp, the face ghastly in the grotesque dance of the flames. The assassin had not wasted his shot—Jose Salvari would never see Mexico again.

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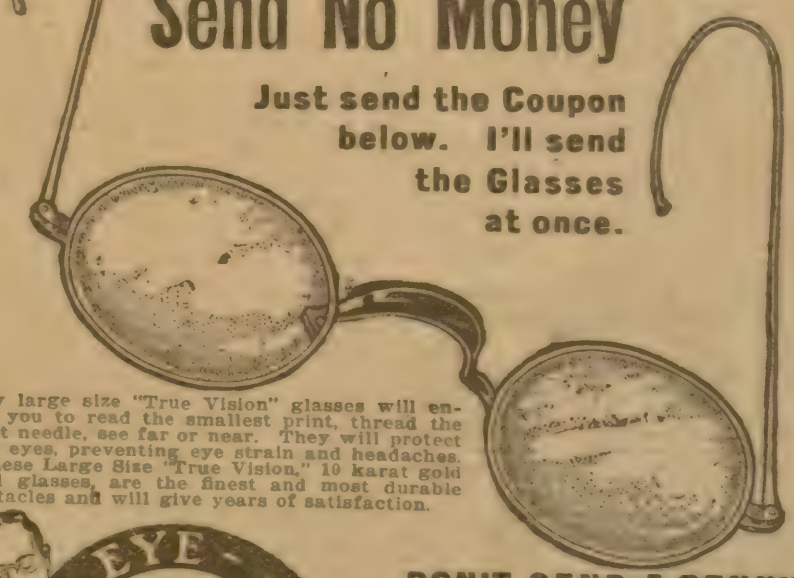

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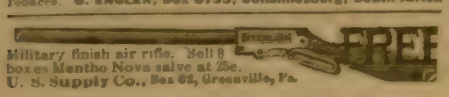

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The Pirate Woman

(Continued From Page 13)

men are harmed. Trust me, won't you?" She paused a moment to thrill them with her eyes; they stayed. Then she sped down the cliff like a deer.

CHAPTER VII.

BY MEANS of the floating blind, the Point had been carried out across the narrow channel until its edge rested on the bar; and the schooner lay with a heavy list broadside on to the hard sand. Yellow Rufe and his followers, runaways from the pirates' camp, maroons banished from their homes for crimes against their fellows, rebellious slaves, and whatnot, splashed thru the shallow water and stormed the Feu Follet by way of the jibboom and head-rigging, while Sancho urged his boats on toward the vessel's quarters.

Dolores, uncertain yet as to Sancho's motives, but in no uncertainty as to Rufe's, paused but to look around for Milo as she leaped down the cliff. The giant was even then engaged in thwarting an inclination on the part of the yachtsmen to follow Dolores, for, her spell gone for the moment, Venner felt all an owner's solicitude for his property. But Milo had been well schooled; he knew how to play upon little weaknesses; Pascherette had told him, if he had not seen for himself, how amorousness and cupidity formed the keynote of character in the visitors; and now he used the knowledge to the fullest extent. The little octoroon appeared as Dolores watched; she had hastily attired herself in dry clothes, a single garment more filmy and daring than that she had worn to swim aboard the schooner, and from her mistress' store had borrowed jewels that transformed her into a beautiful little golden butterfly.

Dolores saw all this in a flash; she saw Pascherette take capable charge of the three men, lead them away from the cliff, and then Milo advanced to the steep path. Turning swiftly to resume her career, Dolores uttered a shrill, piercing cry that the giant understood perfectly, and she plunged into the sea as he bounded down the slope to her support.

The schooner crew was already hard pressed; but they fought like men, led courageously by Peters, the sailing master. As Dolores cleft the sparkling water, speeding out to them like a gorgeous sprite of the waves, men tugged at gun-tackles to swing a piece around to rake their own decks, for Yellow Rufe and his ruffians had swept the forecastle clear of defenders. And Dolores reached the vessel, climbed over the low-listing rail nimbly as a jungle cat, at the instant when Sancho's boats hooked on to the main-chains and took the crew in the rear.

The pirate queen stood for a single long breath to grasp the scene in its entirety. Panting slightly from her exertions, her blazing eyes and heaving breast rendered her a figure of bewildering loveliness; and the Feu Follet's men paused in the fight out of sheer amazement.

Sancho's gaze fell on her the moment his evil head topped the rail, and into his eyes crept an expression of detected infamy. He sought Yellow Rufe, but Dolores had seen all she needed to apprise her that this was a concocted attempt to flout her authority. Then Rufe's hoarse roar went up, and the tide of struggling men surged anew, threatening to sweep her from her feet, and Sancho, plucking up heart, rejoined with a scream.

"Into the sea with the dogs!" he cried. "'Tis such a craft as Jabez would love to see ye carry."

The fight rolled aft, and Dolores was left standing alone by the midship shotrack. She singled out a few of her men by name, and commanded them to rally to her side; then, seizing a cutlass from the deck, she glided tigerishly to the main companionway, down which the pirates were now driving the beaten crew, and the men she had picked out were shorn of all indecision as Milo leaped aboard with a bull-throated shout and gained her side.

"Sancho! Rufe! Have done with this play," she cried, placing herself in front of the blood-hungry horde. "You, dogs, fall back! Have you no memory that ye forget how Dolores strikes?"

Milo had picked up a handspike, and with it across his breast he bore back the scowling rascals, smiling the while himself with quiet contempt. But one, hardier than the rest, ran to the skylight, dashed in the glass with his boot, and cried with outflung arm:

"A plague upon her and her strokes. See yonder, lads—her cunning trick—our sloop comes back empty-handed, as she well knew it would—and here lies to your hands work that the Red Chief had reveled in. Down with her and the big bull! Below is loot fit for bold fellows."

Without moving from where he stood, Milo pivoted around, the heavy handspike—six feet of true ash—rigid as a bar of iron, took the overbold pirate at the base of the skull and spilled his brains into the breach he had made. Growling with fury, a man from Sancho's crew sprang to avenge the stroke with steel, and his blade creased down Milo's sturdy ribs before the giant had recovered from his own swing. And with the hissing slit of ripping skin Milo's debt was paid for him; for Dolores, agile as a panther, reached the pirate, cutlass pointed, and the steel hilt rang against his breast bone.

But in the momentary pause in her vigilance, a score of Rufe's ruffians burst past her and poured below into the saloon, where renewed sounds of combat told of the ferreting out of the beaten crew.

"Milo, down with you; beat this rabble of mine and spare none!" cried Dolores, springing down the stairs, herself careless whether her wavering half-dozen followed or stayed. Her whole soul was sickened with the fear that this vessel, the long-wished-for means of her release from what had become a hateful bondage, was in danger of destruction at the red hands of Yellow Rufe's undisciplined dogs. And swiftly approaching on the freshening evening breeze her sloop grew momentarily clearer to the eye; it was easy to fancy she could hear the howls of disappointed rage pealing up from her deck; it needed no second sight to determine the side those humiliated pirates would take, when they hove alongside another prey which promised at least a taste of coveted loot.

In the brief time since the pirates' entry, the schooner's saloon had become a place of desolation. All the magnificence of unrestricted cost was there; and all the beauty of artistic selection; and over all was the mark of the beast—blood and torn hangings, corpses and splintered panels, chaos and sulphur smoke as the pillage started. Dolores sought out thru the smoke a breathing man in the uniform of the yacht, and swiftly placed her lips to his ear, her mind made up to a terrible expedient to save this vessel for herself.

"Tell me quickly—where is the magazine?"

The man opened his agonized eyes, saw that splendid blazing face close to his own, and shook his head loyally. He would give his master's enemies no assistance.

"Speak, fool!" she hissed, shaking him. They were alone by the great table leg on the red-stained carpet. "I would defeat these sharks! Where is the powder?"

THE man looked into her eyes again, and she smiled at him. It was enough. He weakly pointed to a stout door on the starboard side, forward of the sailing master's stateroom door beyond which the sound of axes already resounded. The owner's and guests' quarters were filled to overflowing with ravenuous wolves tearing and ripping in a frenzy of pillage. At the after end of the saloon a pirate stood over a cask, issuing jugs of liquor to such of his fellows as found time amid the riot to drink. Milo gripped his handspike, waiting for a command that should send him like awful fate into the thick of the murderous mob.

"Milo! Bring me a powder keg from that magazine!" Dolores said, still crouching low and hidden beneath the smoke-pall. The giant entered the room, shattering the lock with a lunge of his shoulder, and returned bearing an unopened keg of cannon powder.

"Place it upon the table." That was done, then the girl rose to her feet with eyes glittering coldly and lips pressed to a tight line. "Find me a lighted brand—swiftly!" she said, and when the giant snatched up a splinter of dry wood, lighting it at the steward's brazier in the little pantry off the saloon, she swept majestically aft to suddenly confront the roaring ruffians at the wine cask.

"Milo, hurl this liquor cask away!"

Milo picked up the heavy barrel as a man might pick up a cushion, heaved it above his head, and flung it like a cannon-shot at the door behind which rang the greatest noise, while the pirate in whose care the wine had been gaped like a stranded fish.

"Now this dog!"

The man followed his cask before his mouth closed from his astonishment; but as he flew, his leathern lungs performed their office and warned the pillagers of peril. Out from cabins and storerooms poured the rascals, gorged with fine wines and delicate foods seized in their pillaging; steamy with blood not yet dried on their bestial faces. And when the great saloon was full, Dolores raised her torch above her head, and blazed out at them.

"In five short breaths this vessel carries all thy black souls to hell! Skulking rats! swim, while the breath is in you."

The torch came down, Milo smashed in the head of the keg, revealing the terrible contents, and as if in grim jest he snatched up a sprinkling of the powder and flicked some grains into the flare of the torch. If there had been any doubt as to the deadly earnestness of Dolores, there could be none now, for sparks crackled and spit in fearful nearness to that open keg. Men stampeded for the stairs, hurling each other down in their frenzy; but Yellow Rufe and Sancho lingered. Theirs had been the gravest fault; if they fled, it must be only to do penance some other day; if they forced Dolores' hand, at least she and that scornful giant must die the death also. They stood their ground, staring defiantly into her expressionless face.

Dolores spoke no word more. Milo stood like a bronze figure of Doom at her side, his noble face expressionless as hers. Between them stood that keg of terrible possibilities. The girl dropped the torch until the flame all but licked the wood of the keg; a dropping piece of charred wood fell audibly against the side. Sancho's breath caught painfully; Yellow Rufe's bloodshot eyes wavered. Still they held on.

"Milo, I give thee freedom!" said Dolores, in a low, distinct voice that carried to their ears like the sound of a silver bell. "Farewell, faithful friend!"

The torch swept around, fanning to a blaze in the eddying air, then darted toward the keg. And with a yell that echoed on deck and far out over the sea, Yellow Rufe and Sancho turned and fled, fighting each other as had their less bold fellows, for the precious air of safety.

Dolores laughed contemptuously, flung the torch aside and bade Milo trample it out, then she too ascended to the deck to view her victory. The sea was dotted with swimming men, the beach was full of running men, terrified men made the cliff resound with their cries. Then, sure that the schooner was free of foes Dolores looked toward the sloop, now within hail of the schooner and coming fast with sail and sweeps, while her crew stared over the low bulwarks in puzzlement as to the reason for the hasty exodus from the strange craft.

"Here, Milo, is fresh fare of trouble. Hast brought my own flag?"

"Here, Sultana," replied Milo, taking a carefully folded silken banner from a pocket in his leathern tunic.

"Hoist it then, at the main! Perhaps Hanglip and Caliban, Stumpy and the rest of my brave jackals, will forego their expected meal at sight of it. Then do you send forth a shout for slaves; this vessel must be cleansed and her people's wounds attended to."

Up at the schooner's lofty main-truck the Sultana's private flag fluttered out; the mark and sign of Dolores' ownership. And while three anxious yachtsmen on the cliff top waited for her return, a hundred and twenty hungry and thirsty baffled ruffians on the sloop cursed her vehemently in their hoarse dry throats. For a powderless cruise brought sparse results, save weariness and savage irritation.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE level sward before the village the three yachtsmen paced back and forth in an ecstasy of apprehension. Pascherette had left them, after playing them like fish with her own charms and a hinted promise of Dolores' favors as bait; and the moment they were alone Venner shook off the spell in a resurging determination to attend to the safety of his vessel in person.

"Follow me, Pearse; come Tomlin," he said. "We are three mad fools to stand here while these pirates loot and wreck the Feu Follet!"

Tomlin shuddered as he started to follow. Pearse kept silence, but did not hesitate. But they had not stepped ten paces before they realized fully the completeness of their helplessness; for Venner, first to attempt the path down, was brought to a halt by a musket leveled at his breast, the musketeer showing only his head and shoulders above the cliff edge. And as Tomlin and Pearse came up, they, too, were abruptly halted in like manner; and a grinning Carib motioned each back with an unspoken command which was none the less inexorable.

They returned to their first positions, and resumed their nervous walk, condemning themselves as utter idiots for

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venturing unarmed into such a nest of vipers at the urge of curiosity, novelty, feminine attraction, greed — whatever their motives had been. And here Dolores came upon them, while all about them swarmed the disgruntled pirates from the sloop, and those of the mutineers whose abject fears warned them to take whatever punishment their queen chose to mete out rather than to escape only to be brought back to endure penalties immeasurably more terrible.

Yellow Rufe and Sancho were not minded to stay, however; they had vanished; and Dolores' keen eyes noted this the moment she surveyed the scene. She walked swiftly to the door of the Council Hall, turned to face the mob, and lifted an arm for attention. Then fell a hush full of anxiety or terror, according to the degree of culpability in the consciousness of her audience.

"Summon every creature in the village!" she cried, "and let no man or woman dare to leave this place until ye hear my thoughts concerning this day's work."

Men scattered eagerly thru the huts, calling by name all who were not present in the crowd, and presently more of the community came out, their faces mostly reflecting the terror that was in their souls; for none might ever foretell the moods of their queen. Inscrutable as night, her eyes were like pools of violet shadow wherein lurked promise or threat of unimaginable things; every line of her face and form was a line of a riddle that could prove in the solution justice, or implacable vengeance; like either magnificent generosity, fearless the lightning, Dolores struck where she willed, and in what fashion she chose; it was useless to attempt avoidance.

Venner and his friends looked on curiously, a feeling akin to awe pervading them at the increasing evidence before their eyes of the power wielded by this splendid fury they had yet to know. When all were present, except those whose activities on the schooner had already procured them a passport to another world, Dolores swept the crowd with a penetrating glance and called for Milo, who appeared from the rear of the Council Hall laden with chains and bilboes which he cast down at her feet. Then the angry impatience of the disappointed sloop's crew proved too intense, and Caliban bounded to the front squealing shrilly:

"The fiend may take you with your irons! Shall we, men who followed Red Jabez thru a sea of blood, cower to a woman of such soft mettle? Dolores, queen, or woman, or wench, it is for you, not us, to explain. Lads——" he shrieked, flashing about and haranguing his companions—"back me in this. We will know why today's work has brought no reward! Why the sloop was bare of powder!"

The deformed little demon stepped back to the crowd, and paced to and fro with feverish gestures, scowling blackly at every turn that brought him face to face with Dolores. The packed mob milled and murmured, some afraid, many of Caliban's mind yet not daring to openly support him. Venner and his friends sensed the thrill of it, for their brief experience of the pirate queen left them in slight doubt as to the outcome of Caliban's speech. Dolores herself stood motionless for a full minute after the hunchback ceased his defiance, and under her lowered, heavily-lashed eyelids the dark eyes seemed to slumber; only in her lips was any trace of the alertness that governed her brain, and those scarlet petals, which seemed to have been plucked from a love flower in the Garden of Passion, slowly, almost imperceptibly parted, until the dazzling teeth gleamed thru in a smile that none might yet determine whether soft or terrible. And as the seconds heaped suspense upon suspense, the overbold Caliban was seized with a choking fear that he was to pay the price. Then Dolores spoke, slowly, quietly, almost soothingly; and those of her hardened ruffians who thought they knew her best hung on her words in shivery uncertainty.

"For those bold words, Caliban, my father had stripped thy poisonous skin from thy putrid flesh. Yesterday, thy queen might not have proved more merciful. Yet do I know how thy disappointment chafes thy brave soul, and because of that thy rash speech goes unpunished." The hush intensified, for the leniency of Dolores was little less to be feared than her fury. A smile of ineffable radiance broke her beautiful face, and she extended her right hand and said, still in the same, slow, even voice: "Come, Caliban. Thou art worthy of my mercy. Kneel, that I may know thy heart is right."

Now the suspense reached its climax. Somewhere behind those softly spoken words surely lurked some awful, cunningly cloaked threat. Caliban went white, ghastly; his bold tongue stuck to his palate, and the thin lips slavered with growing panic.

"Come, Caliban."

The girl's command was uttered no louder, her expression was unchanged; in her glorious eyes gleamed no trace of anything other than benign forgiveness; she remained motionless as before, with her rounded arm and shapely hand extended in a manner that revealed their every perfection.

"Come, Caliban."

Again the words fell from her smiling lips, and now the quivering hunchback obeyed, drawn irresistibly by her magnetism, sick with dread of the stroke he in common with all his mates expected to fall.

"Kneel. See, I give thee my hand to kiss," Dolores said, and smiled upon the cowering wretch with a tender brilliance that sent a tremendous flutter thru the hearts of the three yachtsmen.

Caliban knelt, and took the proffered hand, then at her word he stood before her, scarcely certain yet that his head was solidly established on his shoulders. She motioned him to stand on one side of her, then, aglow with warm color she addressed the puzzled throng.

"My bold sea tigers, the ship that escaped thy sloop is but one ship. The seas are full of such. Yet, until today, how many have ye been forced to let go because of thy poor equipment in craft? Thy sloop, how small, how old—what rich prey ever fell to thy guns since the Red Chief's swift brig laid her bones here? None! Yet ye complain because I prevented thee destroying the beautiful schooner the gods have this day sent to us!"

Now the purport of her speech struck home; the seemingly soft-brained weakness that had forbidden the rape and pillage of the schooner stood in part explained. And as the light filtered thru thick skulls and shone upon all but atrophied brains, a deep muttering swelled into the embryo of a throaty cheer that needed but one look of encouragement from Dolores to spring into noisy life. As for Venner, his expression was reflected in Tomlin, and both in Pearse; and awakening, or resurrected, fear was the keynote of all.

"The vampire means to drain us dry after all!" whispered Venner hoarsely. His friends could only squeeze his arm in mute sympathy. They harbored no doubts at all.

Dolores went on:

"With such a vessel as this"—pointing to the schooner—"that Indiaman today had never shown heels. And more, how think you my store is replenished? Think you I tap the rock for wine? Does Milo crush the granite and bring forth meat for your hungry bellies? Are my treasures kept at high tide by snatching the colors from the sunset? Fools!" she cried, and for a moment passion conquered her calm. "In that schooner are wines that will make thy hot blood living flame; meats that will put teeth into the throats of the toothless; treasures fit for thy queen's treasury. And more to thy hand, my brave jackies, those pretty pieces or ordnance, which the sun even now paints with liquid gold, will outrange the guns of a king's ship." Pausing, she bent upon the murmuring crew a look of blazing majesty; then concluded with a vibrant demand: "Now dost know thy queen withheld thy senseless hands from witless destruction?"

Her question was scarcely heard before the answer came. From two hundred rusty throats pealed a huzzah! that rolled out over the sea and sent the seabirds squawking with fright to more peaceful surroundings.

"Dolores! Dolores! That's a queen for the tribe of Jolly Roger!" howled Hanglip, and tumult rang again.

The girl raised her hand, and silence fell once more.

"Hear my judgment upon such of ye as are not of thy mind," she cried, and now the smile had gone; her eyes flashed, and the words fell redhot from her scornful lips.

"I demand no tales from thy mouths. Hiding among these woods Yellow Rufe and Sancho, he of the one eye and the mutilated hand, think to ward off my vengeance. By meridian tomorrow I command those traitors to be brought to me. Fail in this, and ye shall see that Dolores can be terrible, too."

The crowd took this as a dismissal, and broke into parties to scour the woods. Only slaves and women remained, and Pascherette ran to her mistress' side and whispered, with a sidelong look of coquettish allurement at Venner and his friends.

"Something about to happen!" Venner whispered, hoping that it might prove something in recompense for his day of stress. Dolores cast a look of cool indifference toward them, and told Milo:

"Put these strangers in separate chambers, Milo. Iron them securely and look to it well. Thou art answerable for them."

No more. She took Pascherette and departed.

Looks like Venner and his two guests are now in a tight box. What motive the pirate queen had in capturing the rich man's palatial yacht is already known, it being her desire to quit the accursed island forever, but what will happen to her three prisoners and the survivors of the Feu Follet's battered chew should she sail away and leave them to the mercy of the enraged pirates? There should be plenty of excitement in the next installment, next week.

Growing Old Gracefully

Are *you* growing old gracefully? Who wins in the race of life? Is it the man who is thin blooded, weak, tired all the time? An athlete trains for every race. A man is as strong as his blood and as old as his arteries. Make the blood redder, your health better, by taking that old fashioned blood tonic—sold 50 years ago and still "good as gold"—namely Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic and blood purifier is made without alcohol in liquid or tablet form. It puts vim, vigor, vitality into your blood and arteries. Try it now.

PEORIA, ILL. — "I was suffering with stomach trouble and nothing seemed to relieve me until I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Gradually the distress diminished and finally left me entirely. I also find Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets a good family medicine. They are fine for clearing the liver and stomach of all impurities, in fact, this I find is the only thing that will keep myself and family in good health." —MICHAEL M. SCHUSTER, 300 Eckley St.

The "Discovery" Improves digestion Strengthens the Stomach and thus builds up solid flesh

You can't afford to be sick when it costs so little to be well

All Druggists sell it in Tablets or Liquid

$1,000,000.00 Corporation-Gives Autos FREE

One of the largest business organizations in the United States is giving away brand new 1921 model touring cars absolutely free to persons who act quick. They are going to give away another soon and you can be the proud and happy owner of it.

Think of the Fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these autos, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the ad and puzzle they solve it.

Every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind this promise

We are well known in every town, village and hamlet in the U. S. and cannot afford to make this offer to you unless we meant every word we say.

Free Surprise Present for Solving Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Show you are alert and find at least four of the faces. Mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., for a beautiful free surprise present which we will send you for solving the puzzle. You will delight in owning this present.

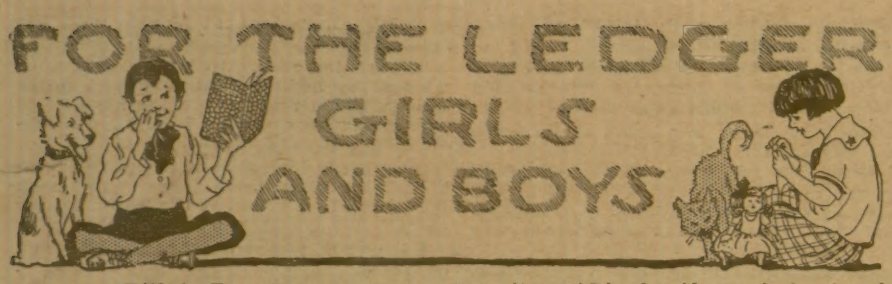
Auto Given FREE We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are giving away free.

Men, Women, Boys and Girls, you can also win, in addition to the auto, splendid prizes such as cameras, watches, bicycles, jewelry and things you like without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications.

Some One Who Answers Our Ad Will Get Auto FREE

Remember, every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind what we say. This auto will be given to some one who answers our ad. Write your name and address plainly and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 14
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 North Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.



Billy's Regatta.

IT ALL started when big brother Bob went to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Oh, of course, all boys, and lots of girls, like to play with boats and like to make them, but when your big brother is training for the Navy—well, then boats are positively the most interesting playthings possible to find. Billy and Mary spent all their play hours making or sailing boats; Billy whittled and made the wooden parts and Mary cut and sewed the sails and helped put the parts together when the whittling was finished. And they sailed boats in the bathtub or in a big, old-fashioned washtub that their mother sometimes let them use.

But even the most fun in the world gets tiresome if you have to play by yourself—or almost by yourself. And Billy and Mary wished many a time that their little friends liked boating, too.

"If we could only make 'em see what fun it is," said Mary one day, "or at any rate, it would be fun if everybody played like we do."

"Yes-s," agreed Billy thoughtfully, "if we only could. Oh, I tell you Mary," he added suddenly, "let's have a regatta."

"A regatta!" exclaimed Mary. "What's a regatta?"

"Don't you remember that time Bob took us up to the big lake and we saw all the boats race? And they all got prizes and were decorated with flags and everything was so gay and pretty? Well, that was a regatta. And we can have one down at the pond!"

"Oh, Billy!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands gaily, "you do think of the nicest things to do."

Billy laughingly saluted her in real Navy fashion and then they fell to making plans. Of course, all the boys and girls in their neighborhood were to be invited to the regatta and everybody who sailed a boat for a prize had to make it without help from a grown person. Sisters were allowed to make sails because the more folks who played the better, but no grown person was in the game at all. Except brother Bob, Billy planned to write to him for the prizes.

"It's not much wonder that all the boys and girls liked the plan Billy made—who wouldn't? Boat-making immediately became "the style" and even marbles had to wait till after the regatta. And finally, when a box arrived from brother Bob, the workers thought they couldn't wait another week and they planned to hold a regatta the next Saturday.

The regatta began at 1 o'clock with an exhibition of craft and a prize was given for the prettieset boat. Then the races came next, five of them. It was a lot of fun to start the boats at one side of the pond and then run around to catch them as they came to shore. And the prizes! Buttons and ribbons and ties from the sailors uniforms and pictures of the training station and, best of all, a cap that had been worn by a real sailor on board a destroyer.

No wonder that the children all liked that regatta and resolved to have another very soon.

Uncle Sam's Helpers.

THE pigeons are growing very top-lofty these days, and small wonder. There are 2,600 flying under the American flag in the service of Uncle Sam. They demonstrated their ability so well during the war that they have been taken into the regular Army and Navy as messengers. The food of these little recruits alone cost Uncle Sam $10,000 a year, not to speak of the salaries of the men who care for them. But the lives they save in time of action more than repay for their care. The Navy has given orders that no aircraft shall leave the ground without carrying at least two pigeons. Then, if the aviators get in trouble the pigeons are released and return to headquarters with the location of the fallen plane or with messages that will account for its delay.

Every pigeon in the service wears on its leg the tag of the United States Army or Navy, and if any one finds a lost Government pigeon he should return it to the War Department and claim a reward. But, of course, a really good pigeon scout does not get lost.

In Cuba there are many pigeons in the tobacco business—that is, they are kept by the owners of the big tobacco plantations to kill the insects, which would otherwise destroy the young plants. Importantly and busily they follow the slow oxen plows, pecking away busily in the furrows. Yes, pigeons are very useful birds and living in lofts, as they do, naturally grow a bit lofty with plain unwinged folks who must walk on two feet.

Forgetful Squirrels.

A TAME squirrel, kept as a house pet and allowed liberty from its cage, will if supplied with nuts bury them in the most curious places. It will hide them in people's pockets or even inside their collars.

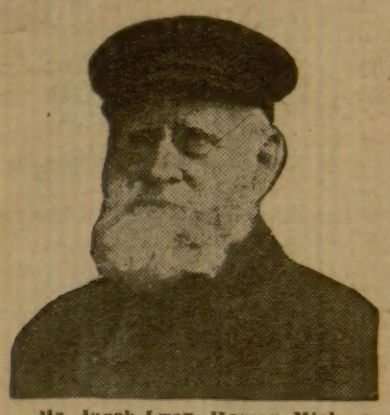
It is evident that, in a state of nature, squirrels are not able to keep track of many of the nuts they bury in odd spots. Thanks to this fact, they are quite useful in helping to seed burned or logged areas in some parts of the country.

This fact has been particularly noted in Oregon and Washington, where chipmunks are giving important assistance in the business of re-establishing forests of the Douglass fir. They collect the seeds from the fir cones and many of those they bury and forget produce young trees. Mice do much good work of the same kind.

Cured His Piles

Now 88 Years Old But Works At Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method of treating piles.



Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE REMEDY

E. R. Page,
382 L Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

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.....

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"Resurrection" Feats of Indian Fakirs

IN INDIA, where mystery and magic are very prevalent, it has for a long time been believed that certain holy men called "fakirs," who live a life of privation and often of self-inflicted torture, have the power of voluntarily placing themselves in a state of suspended animation, which lasts for varying periods. At the end of this period they return to life unchanged and undisturbed. It is a common tale of Indian travelers. Verworn has recorded an instance quoted from Baird, one of the earliest writers of hynotism, in the following lines:

At the palace of Runjeet Singh, in a square building which had in the middle a closed room, a fakir, who had voluntarily put himself into a lifeless condition, had been sewed up in a sack and walled in, the single door of the room having been sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh. (To judge from the account, the air, as in all such cases, was not absolutely excluded.) In order to exclude all fraud, Runjeet Singh, who was not himself a believer in the wonderful power of the fakirs, had established a cordon of his own bodyguard around the building; in front of the latter four sentries were stationed, who were relieved every two hours and were continually watched.

Under these conditions, the fakir remained in his grave for six weeks. An Englishman, who was present during the whole event as an eye-witness, reported as follows concerning the disinterment, which took place at the end of six weeks: When the building was opened in the presence of Runjeet Singh, the seal and all the walls were found uninjured. In the dark room of the building, which was examined with a light, the sack containing the fakir lay in a locked box, which was provided with a seal likewise uninjured. The sack, which presented a mildewed appearance, was opened, and the crouching form of the fakir was taken out. The body was perfectly stiff. A physician who was present found that nowhere in the body was a trace of a pulsebeat evident.

In the meantime, the servant of the fakir poured warm water over the head, laid a hot cake upon the top of the head, removed the wax with which the ears anr nostrils were stopped, with a knife forcibly opened the teeth, which were tightly pressed together, drew forward the tongue, which was bent backward and which repeatedly sprang back again into its position, and rubbed the closed eyelids with butter. Soon the fakir began to open his eyes, the body began to twitch convulsively, the nostrils were dilated, the skin, heretofore stiff and wrinkled, assumed gradually its normal fullness, and a few minutes later the fakir opened his lips and in a feeble voice asked Runjeet Singh, "Do you believe me now?"

MANY other cases have been recorded by witnesses of established veracity, and rarely cases have been described in Europe. Dr. Cheyne, a well-known physician of Dublin, gives an account of the well-known case of Colonel Townsend. It is so extraordinary that it is worth quoting:

"He could die or expire when he pleased, and yet, by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon us seeing the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, tho small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back and lay in a still posture for some time; while I held his right hand. Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clear looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us in turn examined his arm, heart and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptoms of life in him.

"We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and, finding that he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had, indeed, carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By 9 in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves went away fully satisfied to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."

READERS of the "Master of Ballantrae" will recollect that in his last desperate effort to escape his enemies the "master," under the guidance of his East Indian friend, went into one of these states of suspended animation. The last page or two are occupied with a vivid account of the efforts of the Indian to exhume the body of his Scotch friend. "I tell you, I bury him alive," said Secundra. "I teach him swallow his tongue. Now dig him up pretty good hurry, and he not much worse." The frost was not yet very deep, and presently the Indian threw aside his tool and began to scoop the dirt by handfuls. I beheld the face of the master wholly disengaged. It was deadly white, the eyes closed, the ears and nostrils plugged, the cheeks fallen, the nose sharp as if in death; but for all he had lain so many days under the sod, corruption had not approached him, and (what strangely affected all of us) his lips and chin were mantled with a swarthy beard. The master returned for one brief moment of life, and then sank into that eternal sleep which he had simulated for over a week.

Thrills of Yesterday.

"YOU can say what you please," declared the old-fashioned man, "but I wish I could go back to the old-fashioned peaceful Sundays! They were great! By late Saturday afternoon all the work was done and the noise of the bakeoven and the ax was hushed and you could hear the little birds sing. Then when Sunday morning dawned everybody got up late, ate an enormous breakfast and went to church."

"Maybe," interrupted the new-fashioned man, "but I'd rather go for a spin in the country somewhere."

"In those days you were out in the country, without going anywhere," resumed the old-fashioned man. "You have to live in the country village to get the real old-fashioned kind. Of course, there were no automobiles to contend with, to hammer and to twist and to screw. We walked calmly out and calmly home again."

"How quaint!" exclaimed the new-fashioned man.

"Quaint!" repeated the old-fashioned man. "It was restful and peaceful. There was a good deal of excitement about it. There was the question of who was going to be a guest at Sunday dinner and of who was going to take whom home from church.

"You make a great fuss over your modern magazines and your movies and your automobiles, but all that there is to the stories and the movies is, 'Does he get the girl?' And there was just such a story with every boy and girl in the old-fashioned town.

"Half the town was out to invite somebody to dinner and the other half was out to be invited. There was just as much excitement over who was going to be invited as there is now over an election or a world's series. But you didn't have to hang around bulletin boards to see who was elected or who won. You could see it all for yourself as you ambled along toward your own home, or some one's else's, according to your luck. "And supposing you were lucky and had beaten out the fat boy who always carried candy around with him and had a nice horse and rig, and you got the girl, the prettiest girl in the choir, the one around on the left—say! Talk about your chorus girls and your stage-door Johnnies! They aren't in it along with the lucky fellow who used to get the girl on the left end of the choir."

FOR EXCESSIVE

URIC ACID

TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—**worn out** before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids.

If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

To prove The Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all other ailments when due to excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never tried The Williams Treatment, we will give one 85c. bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. D. A. Williams Company, Dept. T-1912, P. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and you will receive by parcel post a regular 85c. bottle, without charge and without incurring any obligation. Only one bottle to the same address or family.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

NEW SELLING PLAN. MEN WANTED TO supply consumer demand for our sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruits, coffee and other staple groceries, and paints, roofing, aluminumware and automobile oils. Entirely new plan. Not one penny of investment in samples or goods required. No experience necessary. Our men are making big profits and have a permanent repeat order business. Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference, any bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$250 IN GOLD, ALSO GOLD watches, diamond rings, bicycles and 101 other prizes make our great "Mystery" candy proposition the biggest winner ever known—the rapid fire seller and quick repeater. Clear $10 to $20 a day or more selling to candy, drug, dry goods stores, cigar stands, etc. Build a permanent paying business. Once in stock the dealer keeps on ordering to supply constant demand. Your profits continue. Ask us for particulars. Send no money. Write quick before territory is gone. CANDY CRAFT, Inc., Dept. 15, 229 W. Madison St., Chicago.

$5 TO $10 A DAY EASILY MADE TAKING orders for our high grade laundry and toilet soaps, face creams, perfumes, flavoring extracts, spices, foods, 3 and 7 bar assorted toilet soap in fancy boxes, sell like hot cakes. Goods well known, nationally advertised. Big profits. Women and men everywhere make big money. Write quick for free catalog. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. 87, Chicago, Ill.

AUTO OWNER TIRE AGENT WANTED each locality to use and take orders for hand-made Mellinger extra ply and cord tires; guaranteed by bond for 8,000 and 10,000 miles (no seconds); shipped prepaid on approval; get your tires free; no capital or experience required; make $100 to $300 weekly. Write for wholesale prices and sample sections. Mellinger Tire Co., 929-I Oak, Kansas City, Mo.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR ENERGETIC men and women who have confidence in their selling ability and can invest $16.00 to $32.00 in first order. We start you in permanent business selling toilet preparations put up under your own name. You make 120% to 150%. Work yourself or appoint your own agents. Milaire Co., 6113 Horton Place, St. Louis, Mo.

CREW MANAGERS—AGENTS, OPALINE paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make $1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-12, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

CREW MANAGERS WANTED WITH BOOK experience to qualify as book distributors; have published new census atlas; thousands of orders waiting for you and your men make easily $100 to $200 a week. Here is an opportunity; don't fail to write for particulars. Geographical Publishing Co., 621 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

NEWEST THING OUT—LITHOGRAM INItials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c. Brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 22, East Orange, N. J.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

NEWEST THING OUT—LITHOGRAM INItials for automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, golf sticks, tennis racquets, etc. Anyone can apply them in a jiffy. Sell to everybody. Set costs 15c; brings $1.50. Fast sales and big daily profits for agents. Write for catalog. Lithogram Company, Desk 22, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—I MADE $50,000 CANvassing for portraits. I teach you free from "Good morning, lady" to "Thank you, madam." Credit you. Lowest prices. Guarantee delivery. Free circular, "Profits in Portraits," explains all. Friedman's United Art Studio, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 425 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS! HERE'S THE BIG MONEY GETter. You give pair dressmakers' shears free with each sale of "Winning 7" at $1.50. Everybody buys, 100% profit. $10-$20 daily profit. Particulars free. E. M. Davis, Dept. 409, Chicago.

MAKE—600% PROFIT, FREE SAMPLES, lowest priced gold window letters for stores, offices. Anybody can do it. Large demand. Exclusive territory. Big future. Sideline. Acme Letter Co., 2806A Congress, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANSformers. Every auto owner needs them. Saves gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 720, Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SALES AGENTS—A SALE IN EVERY home, on our Newleather utility bag and waterproof apron. Something different. Big profits. We start you right. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 122, Ashland, Ohio.

NEW INVENTION. OIL GAUGE FOR Fords. Sells on sight. Big profits. Small investment. Exclusive territory. Unusual opportunity for agents and salesmen. Address Sales Mgr., 214, Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

SOMETHING OF UNIVERSAL INDIVIDual use that will line your pockets with dollars. Ask Safety Hair Cutter Co., Washington, D. C., today about it.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

350% PROFIT SELLING KLEAN-RITE Magic Clothes Washing Wonder. Sells 25c. Profit 19c. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-L Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS—GET OUR BUSINESS OFFER. "Chance of a lifetime." The Wagner Mfg. Co. 930 N. Mozart St., Chicago.

$10 DAILY SELLING A "KNOCK 'EM dead" novelty. They all buy. Sample ten cents. Laflagg, 21 Gay Bldg., Saint Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

WANTED — HUNDREDS MEN - WOMEN over 17. U. S. Government office and outside positions. $1400 year. Write for list positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED BY U. S. Government. $125-$190 month. Steady work. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 26, Rochester, N. Y.

STEADY WORK, HIGH WAGES, ANYwhere. Men or women send your address; hurry! W. M. O. Service, 3108 Canal St., Chicago.

WANTED, MEN OR WOMEN WHO CAN paint flowers on furniture. Permanent employment. Send small sample of work. Sligh Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BIG MONEY MADE SILVERING MIRRORS, metal plating, refinishing. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

SPLENDID CLERICAL WORK OPPORtunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 656 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

WANTED, AUTOMOBILE STRIPERS, PERmanent work. Sligh Furniture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

BECOME DETECTIVE — BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective. 100 St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES—DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING and picoting or for others. Attachment fits any machine $2.50. Buttonhole attachment for any machine $8.00. Hand embroiderer $5.50. Agents wanted. E. Stephenson, Box 135, Kansas City, Mo.

GIRLS - WOMEN, BECOME DRESS - COStume designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 505, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

CLERKS (MEN, WOMEN) OVER 17, FOR postal mail service. $120 month. Examinations June. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars of instruction, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

TOBACCO

TOBACCO NATURAL LEAF—FOR MILD smoking; 10 lbs., $1.50; 20 lbs., $2.75; will furnish free receipt for preparing. Leaf Tobacco Exchange, Mayfield, Ky., Star Route.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL BEFORE YOU READ The Texas Investor. Knowledge is power. As an experienced operator, in my weekly magazine, I give you facts and information that you positively cannot afford to be without. A few dollars invested right and at the right time can do more than thousands invested thoughtlessly. My new syndicate plan of handling valuable leases in richest oil field in the world is placing those who are cooperating with me in line for tremendous profits. Write for trial subscription free. C. C. Cannan, 640 Cannan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

FORTUNES MADE IN ALASKA MARBLE. Costs $2 cubic foot to quarry and market. Sells $30 cubic foot. We own sixty acres beautiful colored marble. Strong Government report on our property. Enormous profits within few months. Invest $10 up. Send for circular, pictures, map, full particulars. Wrangel Marble Co., Haller Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

TEXAS OIL MAP, COMPLETE IN EVERY detail, will be mailed free to anyone who is willing to gamble ten dollars on a chance of making a thousand. Get my proposition first. The map is yours whether you buy or not. West Columbia Syndicate, 715 Binz Bldg., Houston, Texas.

WILL YOU STAKE A FEW DOLLARS ON opportunity for enormous profit on completion of our 3 oil wells? Coming oil field of Texas. Write for folder A 4. Winnsboro Petroleum Company, 621 Pacific Finance Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT OF FIVE DOLlars may make you rich. Secured by deed to land and interest in oil wells. Write me at once for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas, Dept. A.

FREE MAP, STRAWN FIELD, STEPHENS County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information. Schimmel Co., Suite 514, 408 Burkburnett Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

OIL—$5 MONTHLY GETS DEED TO LAND and interest in wells that may pay $500 for every $5 invested. Write Bennett Co-Operative Co., 312 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

WOULD YOU INVEST $10.00 IN A TEXAS oil field business chance of making $5,000? Particulars free. Warren, 718½ Ohio, Wichita Falls, Tex.

3% MONTHLY DIVIDEND GUARANTEED. Speculation eliminated. Address, Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

POOR ELIMINATION, RHEUMATISM, CONstipation. Ed's Rocheli Salt Compound Tablets never fail. 10c, 25c, 50c. Andula Medicine Co., Troy, N. Y.

RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE CURE FOR deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY; $2.00 IF cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Kansas City, Mo.

MEN

CIGARS DIRECT SAVE MIDDLEMAN'S profit. Hundred panetelas at half-price, 4.90. Dillingham, Rome, N. Y.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 33 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE there are fine fuzzy roots $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References Commercial State Bank.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LIFE PROBLEMS EXPLAINED AND SIMplified. Seven wonderful little books. Priceless knowledge for any one. 50c post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Helweg, 58 W. Washington, Chicago.

KID GLOVE ENAMEL — SEND FIFTY cents and I will send you a box of kid glove and colored shoe cleaner. Removes stains from silk, velvet and wool. A. R., Box 1018, Los Angeles, Cal.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTIFlamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

SWEETHEARTS MAGAZINE AND MARriage paper, complete with names. Sent sealed for 25c coin. Feminine World, Rochester, N. Y.

HUNDREDS—WORTH $1000 TO $25,000, either sex, object early marriage. "Confidential." Descriptions free. Mrs. Martin, Box 1022, Wichita, Kansas.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 28BL4, Camden, N. J.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

IF YOU WANT HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio, enclosing stamped envelope.

LADIES DESIRING HUSBAND OF WEALTH and health, write Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY WEALTH, LARGEST, MOST SUCcessful; quickest results. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY—GIRL, 19, HAS $25,000; WIDOW, 26, worth $40,000; hundreds wealthy. List for stamp. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

LADY WORTH $35,000 WISHES TO CORREspond. Object matrimony. Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

ROUND OUT YOUR FACE AND NECK, DEvelop your features. Results guaranteed. Box 22, Slaughter, La.

WIDOW, 45, WORTH $100,000, WANTS husband. L-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

CALIFORNIA CONTRACTOR, 43, wealthy, wants wife. E-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

MARRY—IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS, SEND for plan. (Stamp appreciated.) Wm. Franklin, 464 Va. SW-D., Wash., D. C.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PARticulars free. Address Home Club, L-Box 22, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LADIES DESIRING EARLY MARRIAGE send 25c for membership to Sweethearts Club, Barnes City, Iowa.

BACHELOR, 33, WITH $35,000, WOULD marry. Z-Box 325, Club, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WIDOW, 32, WORTH $30,000, WILL MARRY. I-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

Gordon's Price-Slashing Sale of New Summer Fashions!

SHOP BY MAIL

SEND ONLY NAME AND ADDRESS FOR ANY ARTICLE SHOWN HERE

Nothing can stop Gordon—you know that, if you are one of 200,000 who have saved many dollars by buying when Gordon announces a bargain mail order sale. Here is the most stupendous price-cutting sale that has ever smashed prices in the history of mail order buying. It is just in the nick of time for buying for summer months. This is just the time when you must be preparing for summer—deciding upon what you will wear. Here are bargains in clothing most necessary to that time of year and at prices which will not allow you to pass them by. Remember—Gordon asks NOT ONE PENNY IN ADVANCE. Any article on this page will be sent, ALL DELIVERY CHARGES PAID, for just your name, address and the color and size of articles you select. Buy as much as you need now for the summer. These prices will not be equaled by anyone. Another thing, you are getting Gordon quality, which is just as big a value as the bargain prices. Mail your order today—these prices will clear our stock like magic. Don't make the mistake of classing the merchandise offered here with the past season goods now being unloaded upon the public by many houses. Every article shown here is new stock just purchased in the New York market for Spring and Summer. Buy Gordon goods and you are sure of satisfaction or your money back. USE COUPON.

SEND NO MONEY

Handsomely Embroidered

Linene Dress

One Piece Style

$3.49

DELIVERED FREE

Here is positively one of the most wonderful values ever attempted by anyone. This handsomely and elaborately embroidered Linene Wash Dress with its dashing style and trim lines is irresistible at our smashed bargain price. Think of it—such a wonderful garment sent you without one penny in advance and for half of what you ordinarily expect to pay for it. No woman who wants to be well dressed for summer can afford to miss this great bargain.

Send No Money

We know you will be so pleased with this dress that we'll send it to you for just your name, address, size and color you choose, on a post card. Book will come the dress—all delivery charges paid. You pay postman the amazing bargain price of $3.49. Then, if you are not satisfied in every way—satisfied that you have a truly wonderful bargain—send the dress back and we will refund every cent of your money.

Big Bargain!

Dress is made in one piece style. Front of blouse and skirt and patch pockets handsomely and elaborately embroidered with Saxony Yarn in French Knot design. Front of blouse has Piqua Vest with button trimming. Neck and front piped with contrasting color. Piqua cuffs have piped edgings. Three quarter length sleeves. Girdle forming sash defines waist line. Closing is at front. Nowhere will you be able to find such a stylish, high quality garment at anywhere near our low price.

Order Now — Don't Wait

Beautifully Embroidered with Saxony Yarn in French Knot Design

Order by No. 9A44

ORDER NOW Remember—not one cent with your order—just name, address, size and color you choose. But, you must rush in order as such a bargain will not last long. We pay all delivery charges. Dress comes in Harding Blue with Rose embroidery and trimmings in Rose with Light Blue embroidery and trimmings. Misses' Sizes, 14 to 20 years; Women's Sizes, 34 to 44 inch bust measure. Be sure to give color and size. Order by No. 9A44.

SAVE Over Half of Retail Price

Prepare for Summer Time

5 PIECE WHITE SUMMER OUTFIT $2.86

DELIVERED FREE

Here is a real challenge to competition. A fine five-piece white outfit for the hot summer days at less than half the regular retail price. Think of the saving! Think of the comfort, style and value to be had in this amazing money-saving bargain! Every piece in this outfit is guaranteed good quality and your complete satisfaction is assured by Betty Gordon's "Gold Bond Money-Back Guarantee."

Send No Money!

So sure are we of your complete satisfaction with this latest style, high quality 5-piece white outfit at such an astonishing cut price that we'll send it to you without one penny in advance. Just send name and address on post card with bust and waist measurement, skirt length and stocking size. All you need do is pay postman the bargain price of $2.86 when outfit arrives at your door. We pay delivery charges.

See What You Save!

Retail price of Waist	$1.59
Retail price of Skirt	2.49
Retail price of Petticoat	1.89
Retail price of Stockings	1.25
RETAIL Price	$8.75
Our Price	$2.86
You Save	$5.89

Save Over Half of Retail Price!

Don't pay one cent more for white summer clothes than we ask for this wonderful 5-piece outfit. Read of the quality of these garments.

Waist Made of good quality white lawn. New style collar edged with genuine Torchon lace. Vestee trimmed with pleats and matched lace. Latest style short kimona sleeves trimmed with pleats. Sizes 34 to 44 bust measure.

Skirt Excellent quality closely woven wash linene with girdle top. Two pockets trimmed with buttons and pointed tabs. Sizes, 22 to 40 waist. Lengths, 34 to 42.

Petticoat Excellent quality cambric with neatly embroidered flounce. Lengths, 36 to 44 inches.

Stockings (Remember, you get 2 pair.) Closely knit chiffon lisle; seamless throughout; elastic fitting; high spliced heels and toes; double soles. Excellent wearing quality. Sizes, 8 1-2 to 10.

Order Now—Don't Wait Hurry in your order before we are swamped. Such a bargain will sell like wildfire, so get in your order today. Act at once—no money down—just your name, address and sizes on a postal and you get all 5 articles by mail, DELIVERED FREE. None sold separately. We will send your money back immediately if not fully satisfied. Be sure to give sizes. Order by No. 8A21.

Order by No. 8A21

2 PAIR CHIFFON LISLE

A New Gordon Style Creation

Dashing Swiss Embroidered

VOILE DRESS

$3.79

Price Cut to Only

Delivered FREE

Here is a stunning, smart new Spring and Summer dress of sheerest Voile, richly embroidered in allover design—just the dress every woman and girl must have for the summer wardrobe. Gordon has secured a limited number of these very beautiful dresses and offers them to you at a price less than half of what you would ordinarily have to pay. You simply cannot afford to miss this great bargain so send your order today. Send no money, we pay all delivery charges.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name, address, size and color selected and we will send this stunning dress all delivery charges paid to your door. You pay postman only our special low bargain price of $3.79. Put the dress to every test — note the exceptional quality goods — the beautiful all-over Swiss embroidery — the scalloped edgeing — the graceful and charming long flowing sash of self material — the modish ¾-length sleeves with Swiss embroidered cuffs. Then, if you are not delighted and pleased with this charming dress—if you are not satisfied you have a real bargain—return dress and every cent you paid postman will be refunded at once.

Order by No. 9A49.

Don't Delay—Act Now Rush your order in today before all these wonderful value dresses are gone—they won't last long at this amazing bargain price. Send only name, address, size and color selected—no money with your order. Colors: White, Blue or Rose with White Swiss Embroidery. Misses' sizes, 14 to 20 years. Women's sizes, 34 to 44 in. bust measure. Be sure to state color and size. Order by No. 9A49. Remember—not one cent with your order. Gordon guarantees satisfaction or money back.

DON'T MISS THIS BARGAIN

SEND NO MONEY

EVERY GARMENT IS BACKED BY GORDON'S "GOLD BOND" GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION

WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES

SHOP BY MAIL

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ORDER

This is just another of the many "Send No Money Sales" which have long identified the house of Gordon with low prices, latest styles and finest quality. Gordon does business like this—just send your name, address, name of garment with size and color you select, on coupon. Gordon sends you the garment without one penny in advance. You pay Postman the amazing low Gordon prices when garment is delivered at your door. THEN — if not satisfied with your purchase return it and your money is refunded—every penny, because Gordon pays all delivery charges. Order what you need — prepare for summer by ordering a supply — you'll never regret it. Remember—not one penny with your order. ORDER NOW! Every Garment Purchased from Gordon Carries Gordon's "GOLD BOND GUARANTEE" of Satisfaction or Money Back.

GORDON'S CLOAK HOUSE

"THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE MAIL ORDER WOMEN'S SPECIALTY HOUSE"

366 W. Monroe Street Dept. 3502 CHICAGO, ILL.

BARGAIN COUPON—USE IT NOW!

GORDON'S CLOAK HOUSE, Dept. 3502, 366 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me garments marked below with understanding that you will pay all delivery charges and that I may return any garment if not satisfactory to me in every way and you will refund my money in full without question. I agree to pay postman amount opposite garments I order when delivered at my door.

☐ 9A49 Swiss Embroidered Voile Dress.....$3.79
☐ 9A44 Embroidered Linene Dress...$3.49
☐ 8A21 5-piece Summer Outfit.....$2.86
☐ 6A29 Genuine Silk Tricollette Blouse.....$1.98
☐ 5A32 Jersey Glove Silk Tie-Back Blouse....$2.69

Bust.....Inches Waist.....inches Skirt length.....inches Color.....

Name.....

R. F. D. or St. Address.....

City—P. O.....State.....

AMAZING OFFER!

Silk Tricolette Blouse

Save at Least $3

If you remember what this garment sold for a year ago you will realize the price offered here is from one-fourth to one-third what you would expect to pay for this blouse. A popular garment in material and style for spring and summer wear. Cool, stylish and durable. Made with round neck and short kimona sleeves. Front set off with 2 self covered buttons. Bottom has Peplum at front and back. Be sure to order yours today—they won't last long at this price.

Colors: Burnt Orange, Harding Blue, Jade, Peach, Grey or Navy Blue. Sizes 34 to 44 bust measure.

Order by No. 6A29. Give size when ordering. Use the coupon.

ONLY $1.98

Something New!

Jersey Glove Silk Tie-Back Blouse

Note Deep Silk Fringe at Bottom

Here is something absolutely new in women's wear for summer. A blouse made of material never before used for this purpose—it will soon be all the rage everywhere. Here is your chance to be one of the very first to wear this wonderful material. Gordon has secured a limited number from a New York manufacturer for this sale at a price which you cannot pass by. Made of close, fine knitted woven silk material (closely resembling hosiery or silk gloves) in popular slip-over tie back style and with short kimona sleeves. Front is trimmed at bottom with wide silk fringe. Back shows bow formed by tie of self material. Don't miss this one—be one of the first. Comes in Burnt Orange, Harding Blue, Jade, Peach, Grey and Navy Blue. Sizes: 34 to 44 inches, bust measure. Be sure to give size. Order by No. 5A32. Use coupon.

ONLY $2.69

ORDER NOW!

Don't hesitate one moment! Get your order in today for some of these wonderful bargains. Take advantage at once of the remarkable savings offered on this page. **Send no money with your order!** Use Coupon—just order anything on this great bargain page. **Delivery charges paid to your door.** Pay on delivery only the smashed prices shown here. If not fully satisfied with your bargain, return goods and every penny of your money will be refunded. **Be sure to give order number, size and color of articles selected. ORDER NOW and save money** on your spring and summer wardrobe. **Use Coupon.**